

THE GREAT - THE ONE AND ONLY

CAPTAIN BATTLE

COMICS

NO. 1

10¢



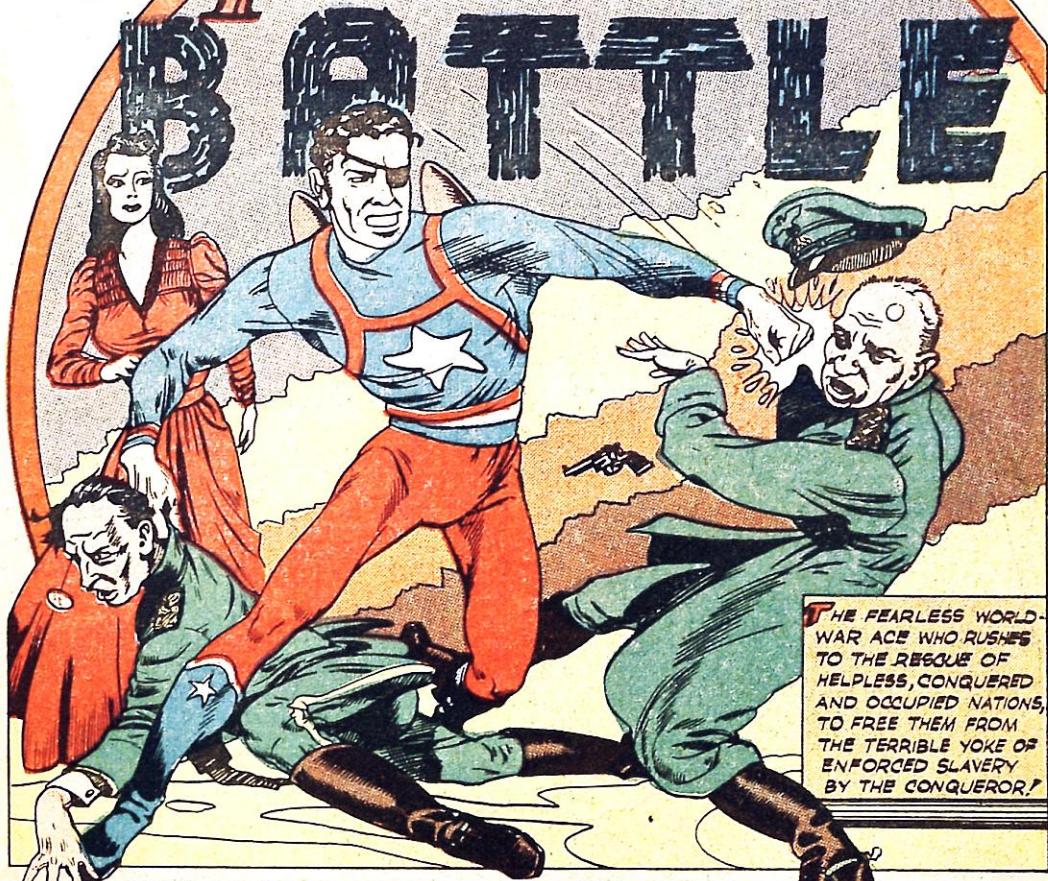
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Marilyn

Captain BATTLE



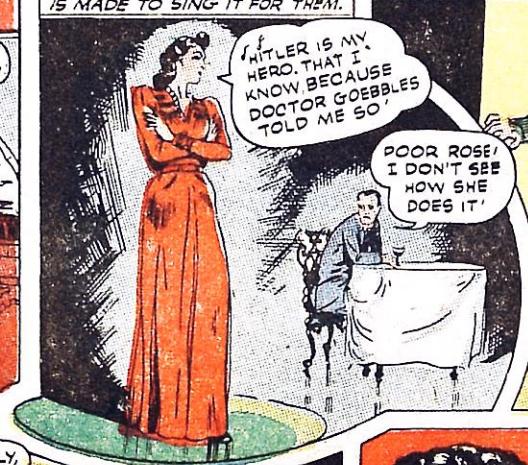
THE FEARLESS WORLD-WAR ACE WHO RUSHES TO THE RESCUE OF HELPLESS, CONQUERED AND OCCUPIED NATIONS, TO FREE THEM FROM THE TERRIBLE YOKE OF ENFORCED SLAVERY BY THE CONQUEROR!



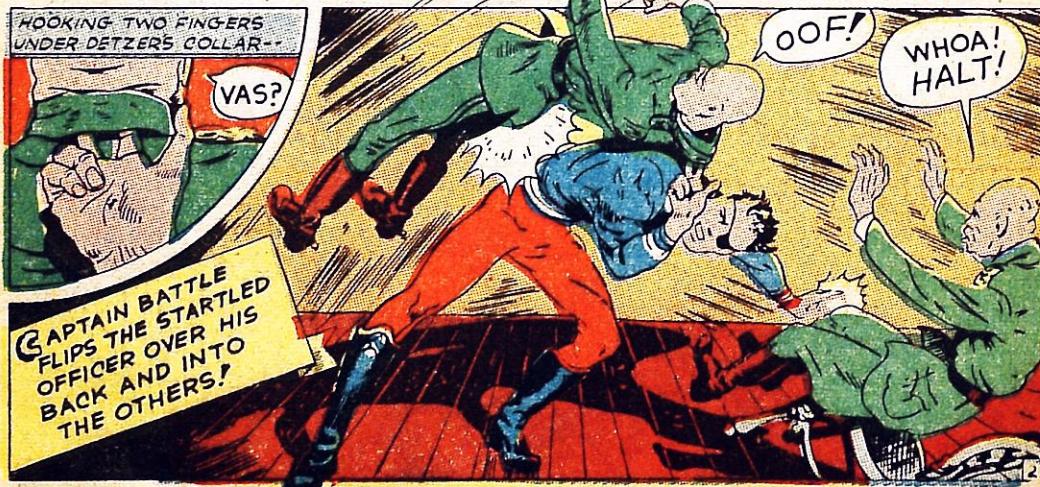
UNOBSERVED AT THE BAR STANDS CAPT. BATTLE WHO HAS COME TO PARIS TO SEE WHAT IT IS LIKE UNDER GERMAN HANDS...



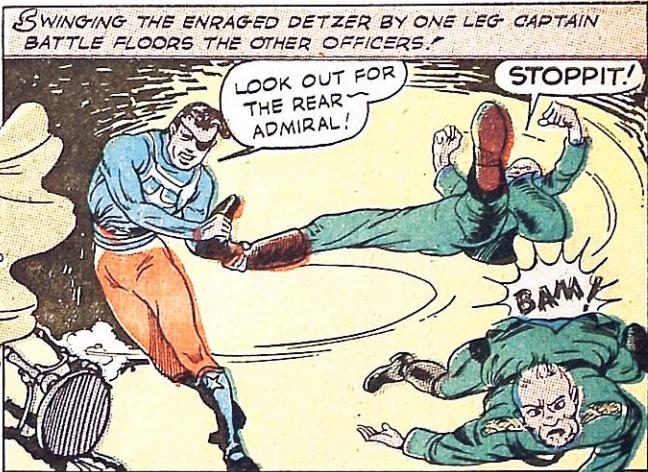
THE GERMANS REQUEST A SONG OF THE FATHERLAND. UNWILLING, ROSE CORDRAY IS MADE TO SING IT FOR THEM.



AS SHE LEAVES THE FLOOR, DETZER, A GERMAN OFFICER, SWAGGERS OVER TO HER-----



CAPTAIN BATTLE FLIPS THE STARTLED OFFICER OVER HIS BACK AND INTO THE OTHERS!



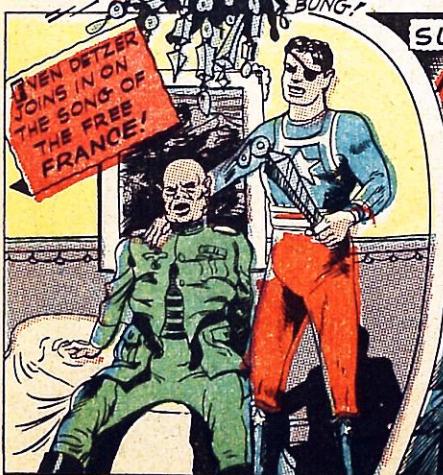
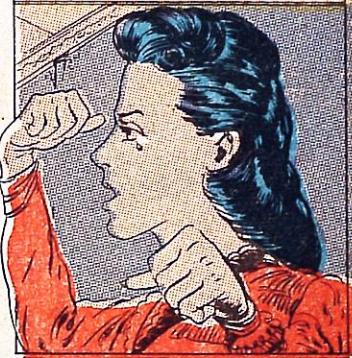
RELEASING DETZER ON THE "UP-SWING" HE CRASHES INTO THE CHANDELIER---



AND THE WHOLE KABOODLE COMES CRASHING DOWN.

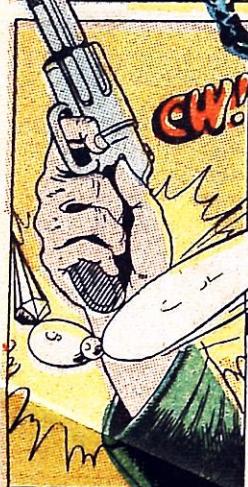
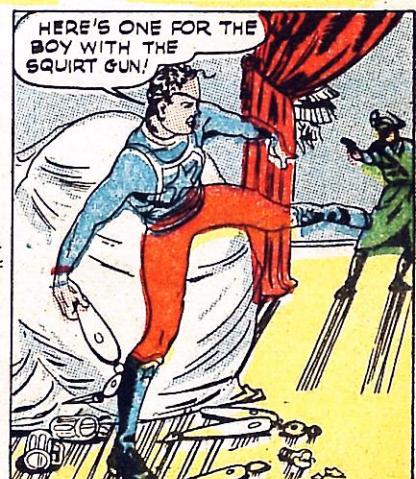


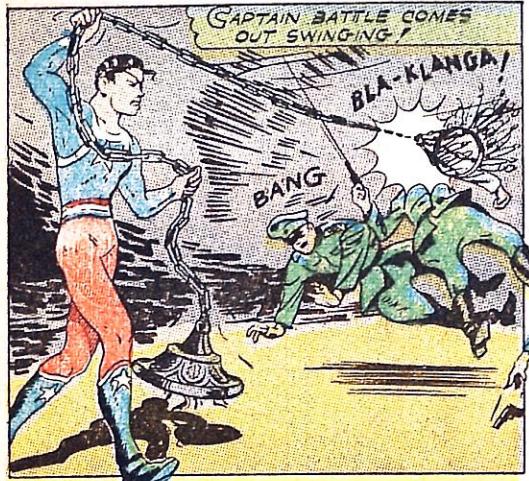
AT THIS, ROSE LEAPS UPON THE TABLE TO LEAD THE FRENCHMEN IN THEIR NATIONAL ANTHEM - THE MARSEILLAISE!!



SUDDENLY-







CAPTAIN BATTLE IS
GREETED BY A BAND
OF FAMILIAR FACES,
"S BUDDIES OF
THE WORLD WAR!"



WE FINDS THIS IS THE SECRET
HEADQUARTERS OF THE
LAFAYETTE POST OF THE
U.S. WAR VETS!

YOU SEE, WE SORT OF
LIKED IT HERE AFTER
THE WAR, SO WE GOT
MARRIED... AND STARTED
IT ALL OVER
AGAIN!

HA
HA

MY NAME IS
PRENTISS, I AM
COMMANDER OF
THIS POST. WE NEED
YOUR HELP—
WOULD YOU—

WOULD I? YOU BET!
NOTHING WOULD GIVE
ME MORE PLEASURE
THAN ANOTHER ROUND
WITH OUR FRIEND
DETZER!

HIRAY!



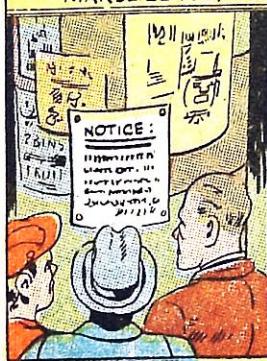
THE FOLLOWING
MORNING THE NAZI
CONTROLLED FRENCH
PRESS APPEARS WITH
A BLISTERING ATTACK
ON THOSE WHO
SANG THE "MARSEILL-
AISE" IN THE HOTEL
EMBASSY!

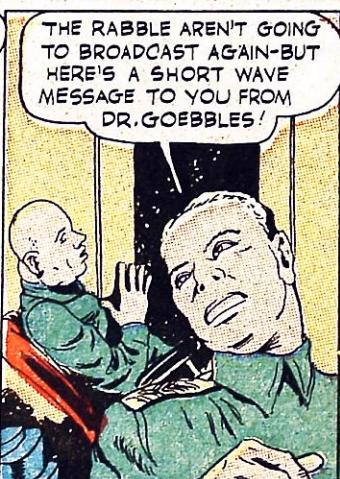
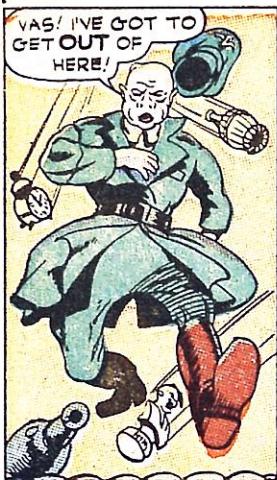


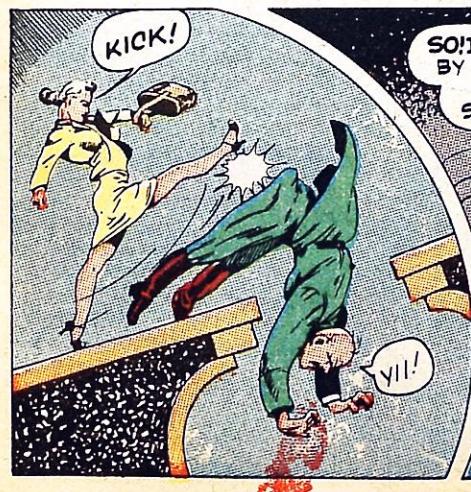
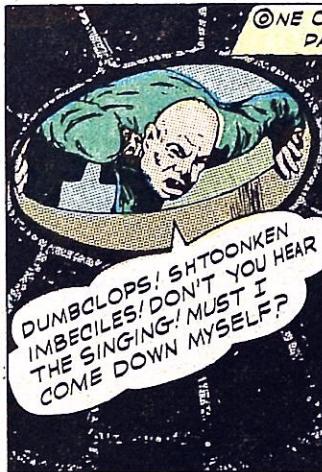
NOTICES ARE POSTED
ON THE KIOSKS NOTIFY-
ING THE PUBLIC OF THE
NEW DEATH-PENALTY
FOR SINGING THE
MARSEILLAISE!

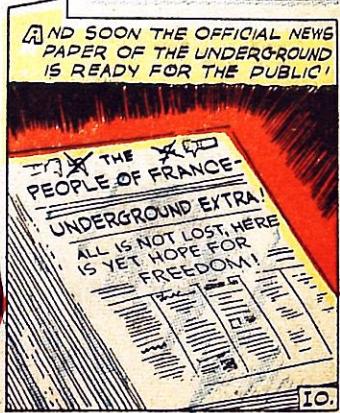
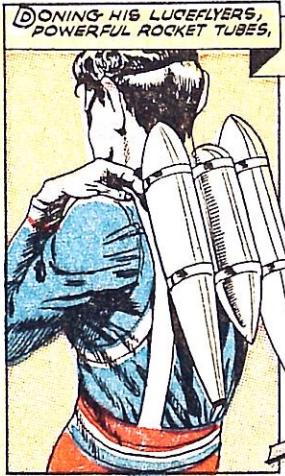
BUT THAT EVENING, A GROUP
OF WEIRDLY CLAD FIGURES
ENTER THE SEWER SYSTEM
UNDER THE STREETS OF PARIS.

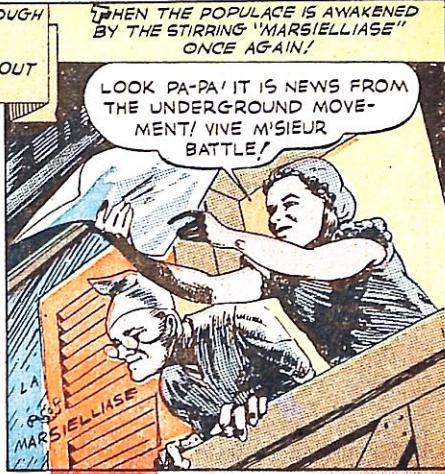
ABOVE ON THE STREETS...











THE MOMENT DETZER ENTERS, THE FRENCHMEN BRING FORTH THEIR WATCHES AND LAY THEM ON THE TABLE BEFORE THEM...

AND AFTER EXACTLY 15 MINUTES ELAPSES, THEY ALL GET UP AND LEAVE...

DETZER IS FURIOUS!



BACK AT GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS ---



HUGE WIND MACHINES
SOON BEGIN PUMPING
THE COLORED GAS
INTO THE LABYRINTH
OF SEWERS.

JUST LET THEM TRY
TO SING THE MARSEILLAISE
NOW!



YAH DOTS A LOT EASIER
THEN SENDING A WHOLE
ARMY OF MEN DOWN
TO GET LOST IN
THOSE SHTOONKEN
SEWERS!



SLOWLY THE GAS
HAS BEGUN TO
CREEP INTO THE
VERY ENTRANCE
OF THE "UNDER-
GROUND!"

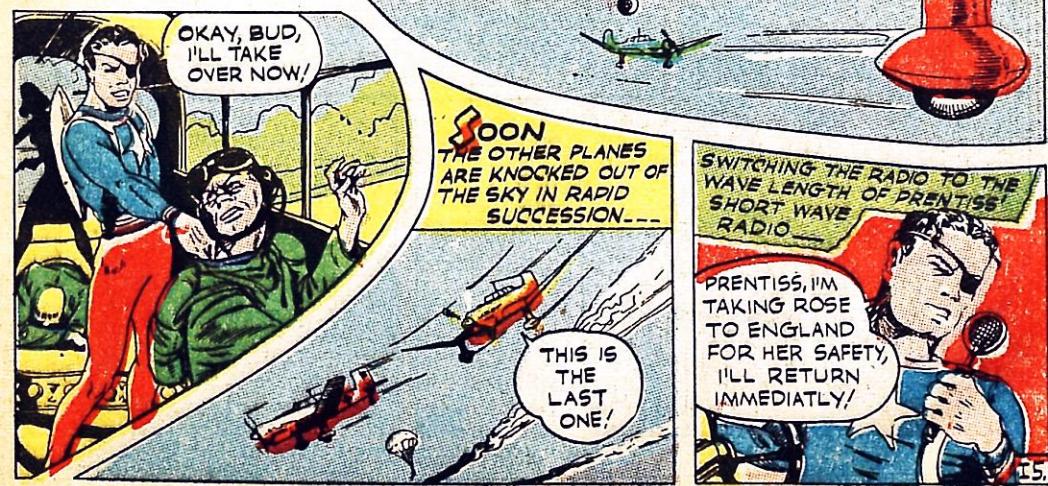
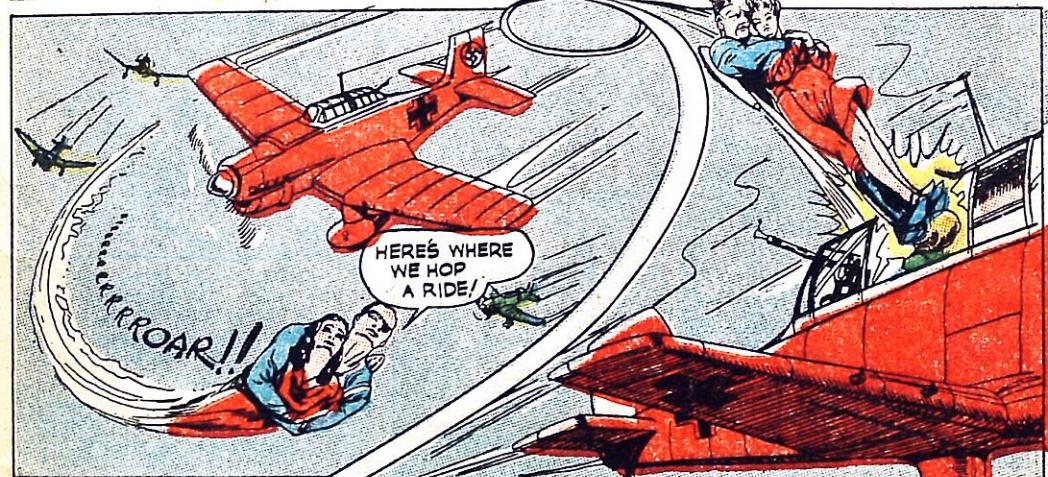
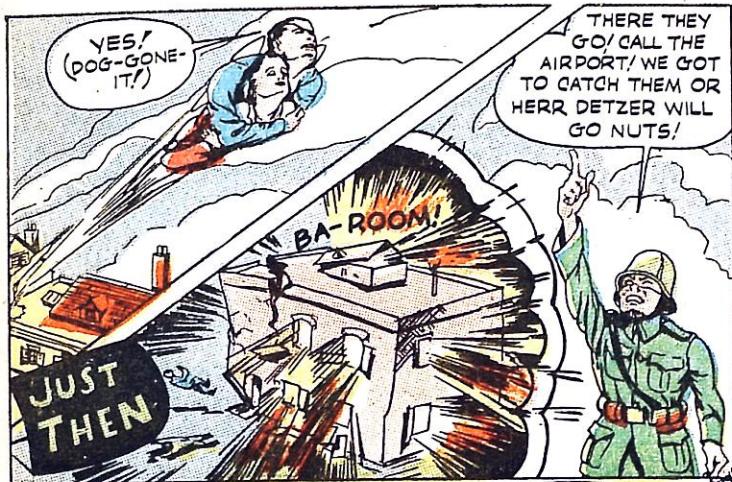


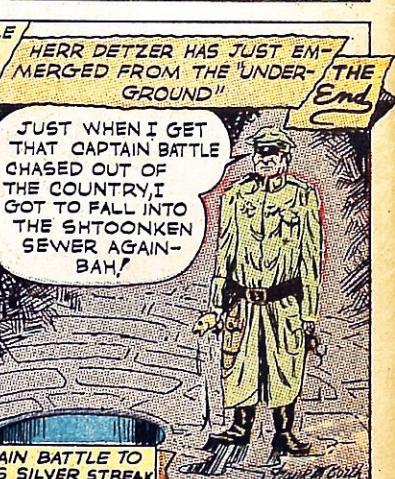
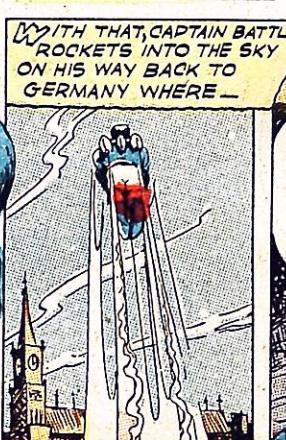
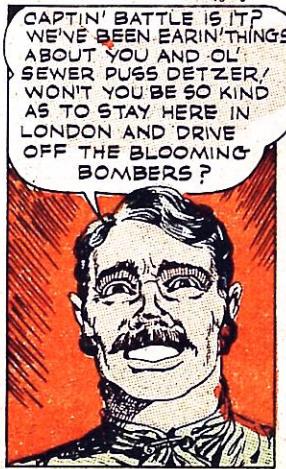
THIS IS DETZER'S WORK!
WE'VE GOT TO SEAL UP
EVERY CRACK SO THE
GAS WON'T ESCAPE,
TO TELL THE NAZIS
OF OUR HEAD-
QUARTERS!

THE VETERANS ALL BEING HOME, RESTING AFTER
THE NIGHT ACTIVITIES, ROSE AND CAPTAIN BATTLE
STRUGGLE TO KEEP THE TELL-TALE GAS
FROM ESCAPING!









BUT—THE PEOPLE'S STRUGGLE FOR PEACE AND FREEDOM CALL CAPTAIN BATTLE TO
NEW, STILL MORE, EXCITING ADVENTURES— IN NEXT MONTH'S SILVER STREAK

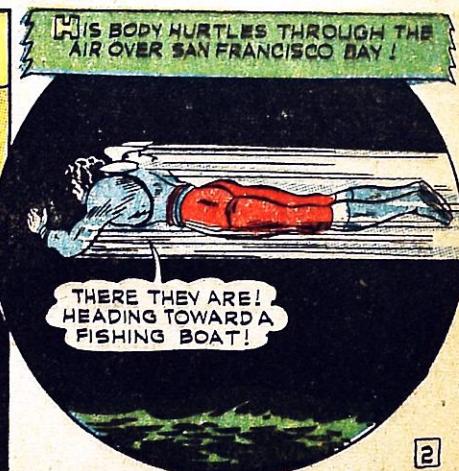
—SILVER STREAK

Captain BATTLE

SAVIOR OF CHUNGIK!

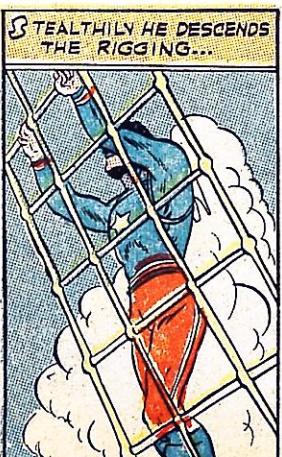
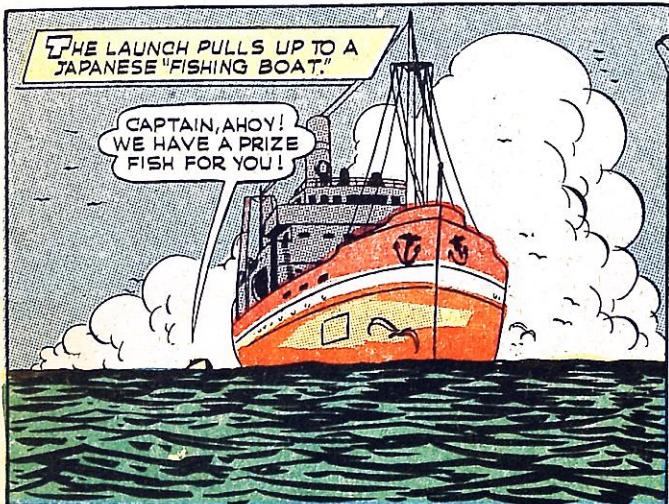


TORTURE, DEATH, AND A JAPANESE SPY! THESE WERE THE INGREDIENTS OF A MYSTERY THAT PLUNGED CAPTAIN BATTLE FROM THE FRISCO WATERFRONT TO WAR-TORN CHINA! FOR THE JAPANESE WOULD STOP AT NOTHING AND THE FATE OF ASIA WAS AT STAKE!

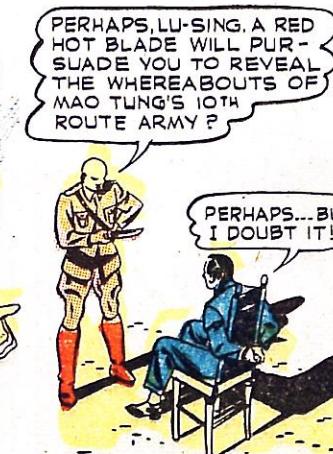
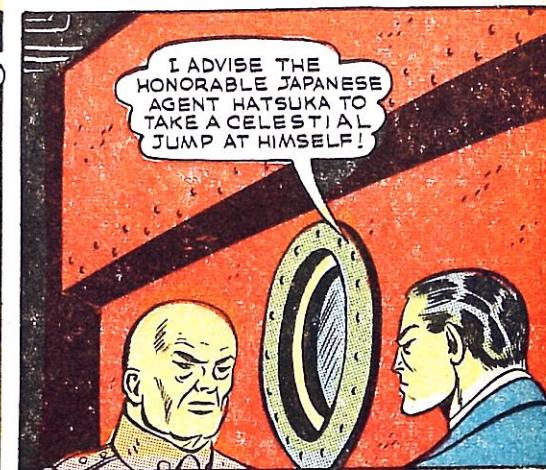


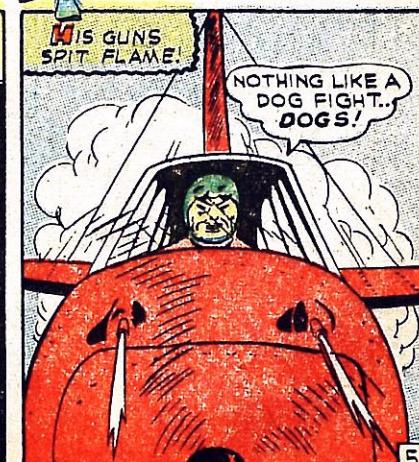
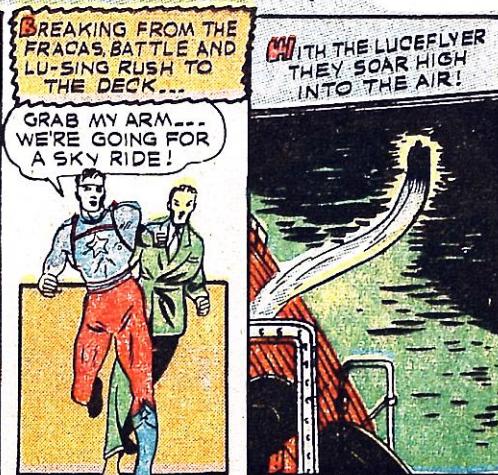
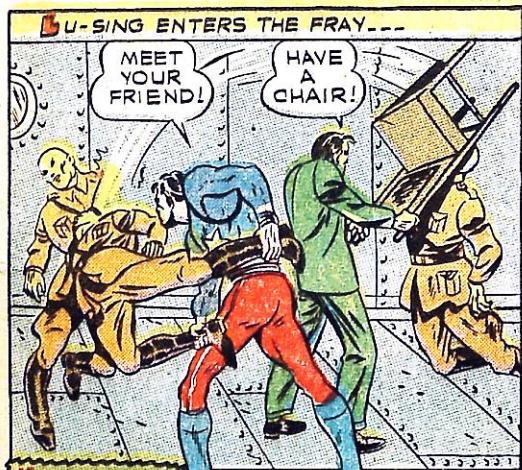
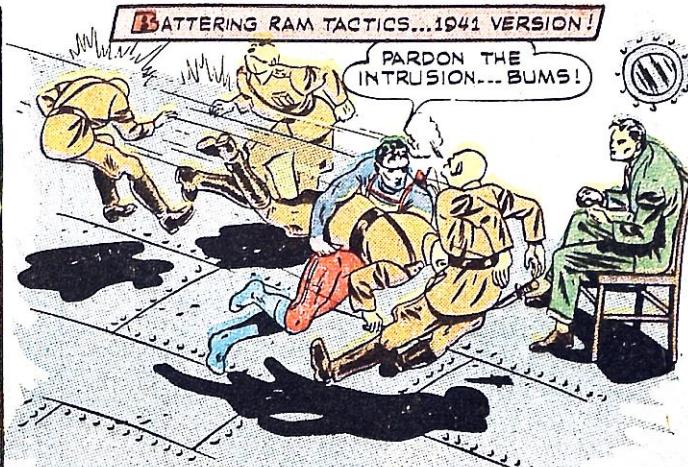
IN A LITTLE WHILE, LU-SING, WE
WILL TAKE THE GAG OFF.
THEN WE WILL HAVE
A LITTLE CHAT!

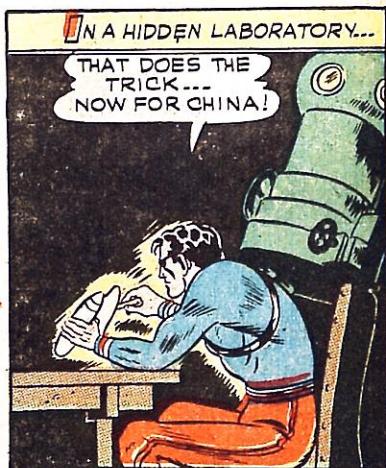
I COULD SWOOP DOWN NOW,
BUT WHAT WOULD IT
GET ME? I'LL FOLLOW
AND SEE WHAT IT'S
ALL ABOUT!



HE MOVES TO A DOOR...OPENS IT SLIGHTLY...







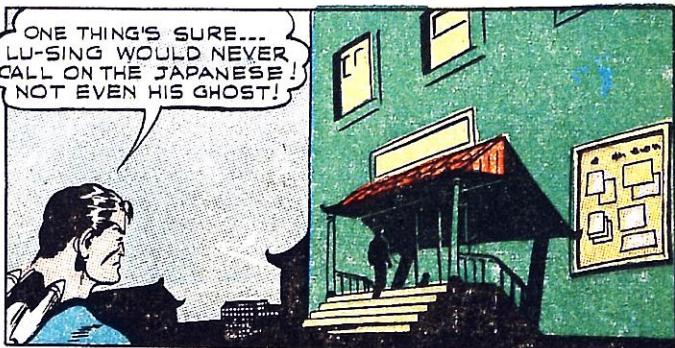
NIGHT AND DAY, BATTLE
LURKS OUTSIDE JAPANESE
ARMY HEADQUARTERS...
WATCHING...



SUDDENLY HE PARTS INTO
THE SHADOWS...
CURIOS...BUT THIS
GUY IS THE DEAD IMAGE
OF LU-SING!



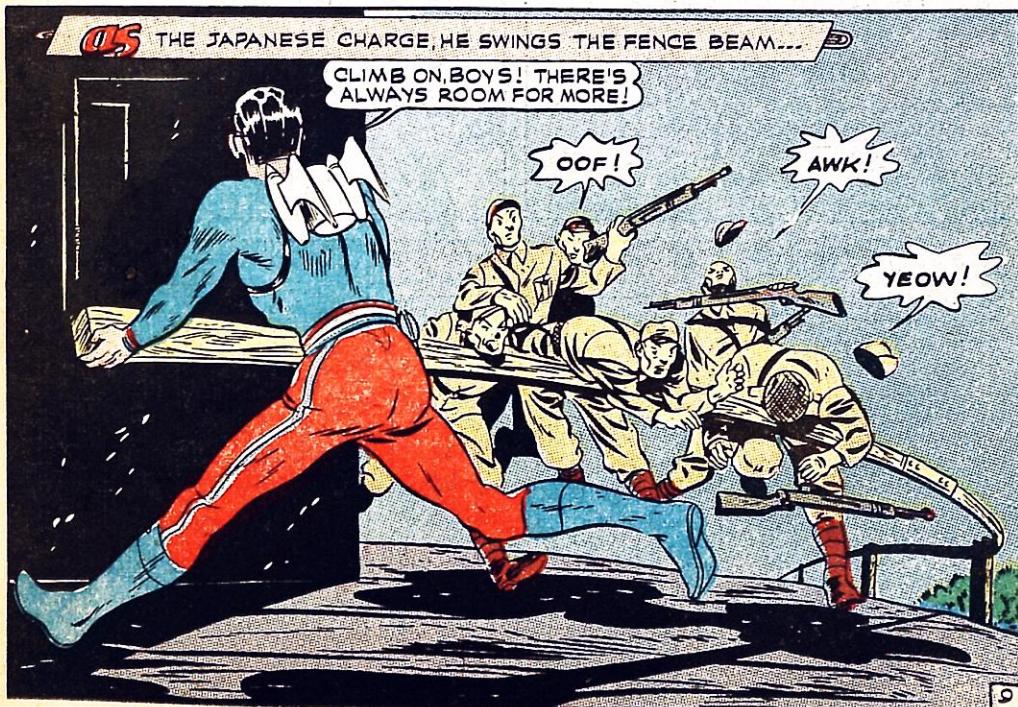
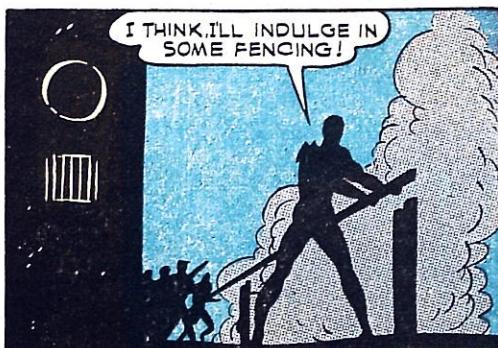
BUT IT CAN'T BE HIM...
HE DIED IN MY ARMS
IN 'FRISCO BAY!

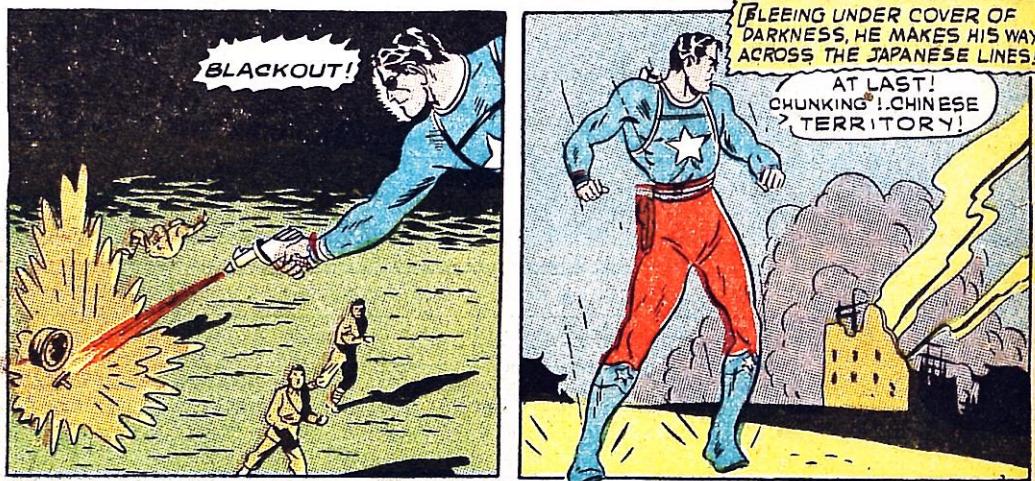
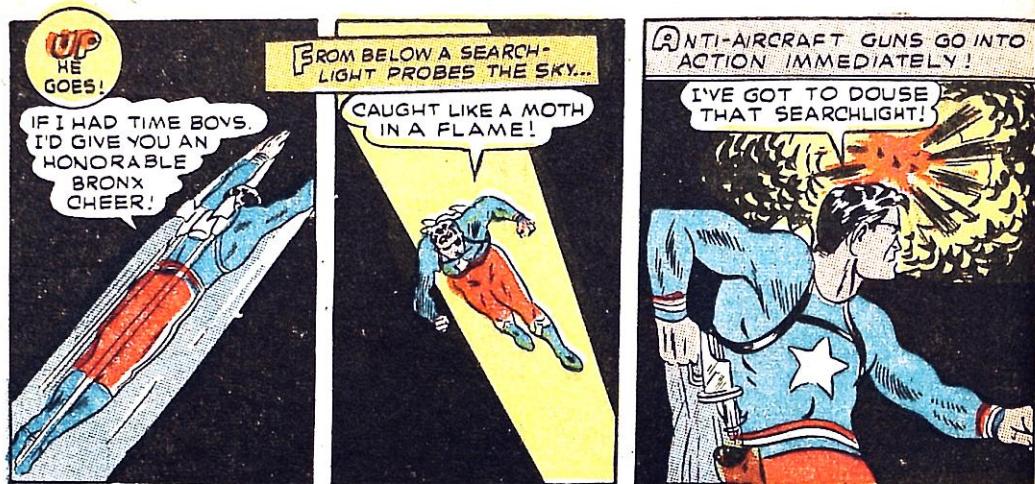


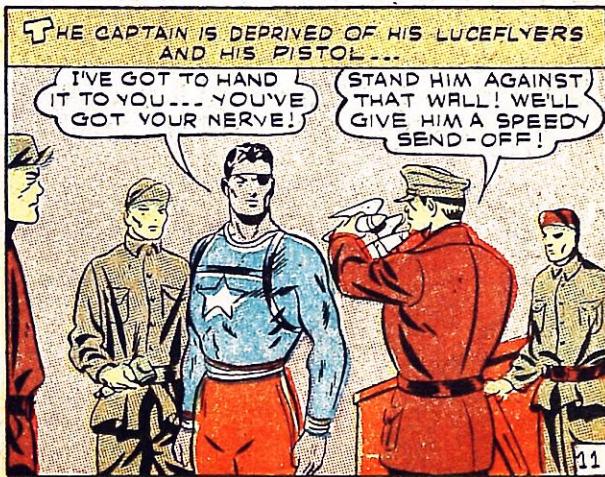
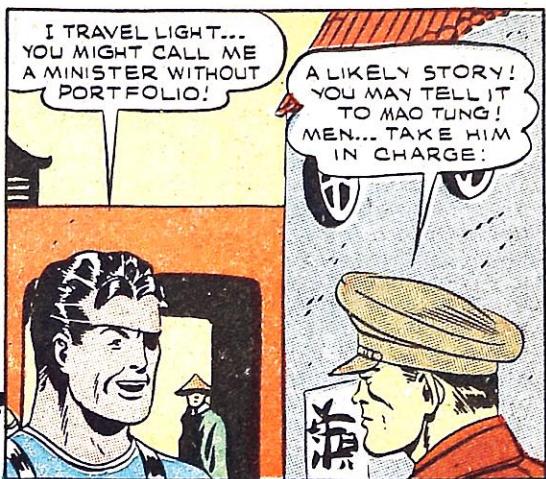


Meanwhile... A GUN BARKS OUTSIDE... THE EAVES DROPPER IS DISCOVERED!







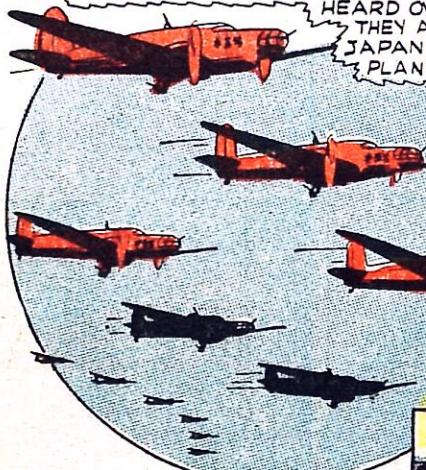


CAPTAIN BATTLE IS LED TO A WALL...
A FIRING SQUAD IS FORMED...



BUT BEFORE HATSUKA CAN GIVE THE ORDER
TO FIRE... THE ROAR OF MOTORS IS
HEARD OVERHEAD.

THEY ARE
JAPANESE
PLANES!



WHERE IS A LOUD BLAST... A FLASH...
IT'S A BOMBING RAID! THE FIRING
SQUAD WHIRLS...



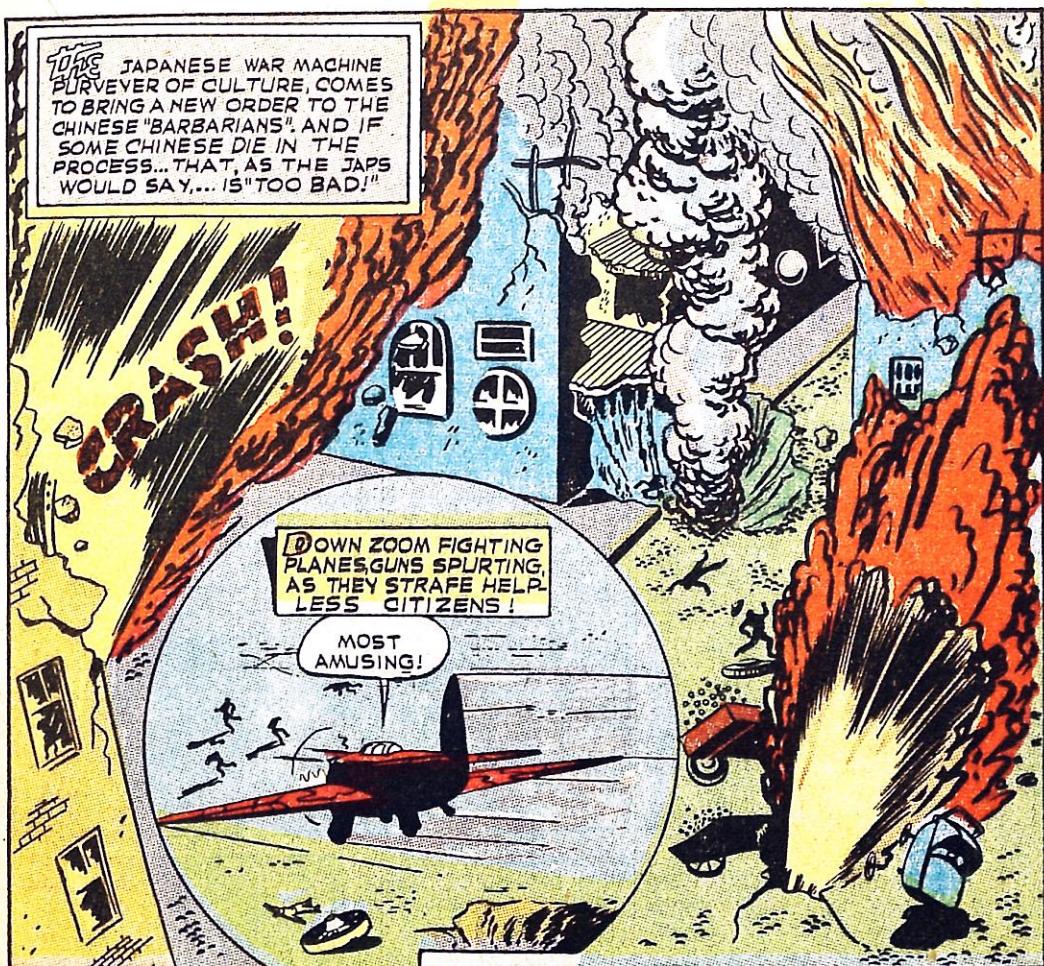
ENRAGED... HATSUKA SEIZES
A FALLEN GUN... PRESSES THE
TRIGGER... BUT IT JAMS!



RECOVERING HIS SENSES, BATTLE STAGGERS
TO HIS FEET TO FIND...

GONE... BUT I'LL FIND HIM
IF I HAVE TO CHASE
HIM ACROSS ASIA!





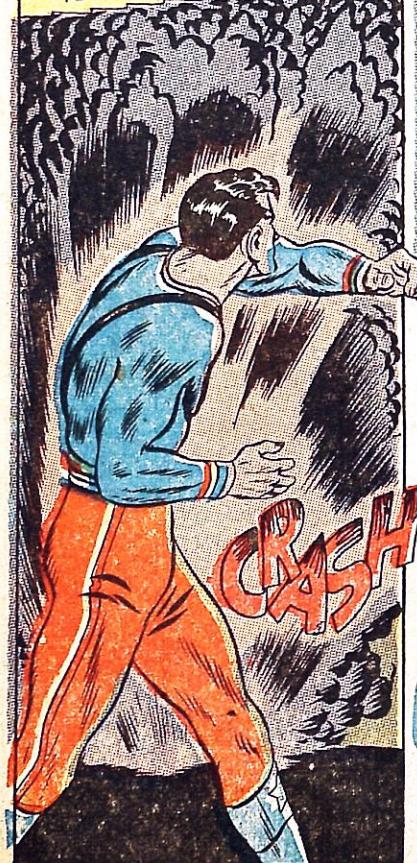
© BLIVIOUS TO THE DEATH
THAT RAINS FROM THE SKY,
CAPTAIN BATTLE CONTINUES
HIS HUNT FOR HATSUKA !



© SUDDENLY...HE WHIRLS AT THE SOUND OF A POIGNANT CRY...



BUT AS CAPTAIN BATTLE STARTS
TOWARD THE WOMAN...



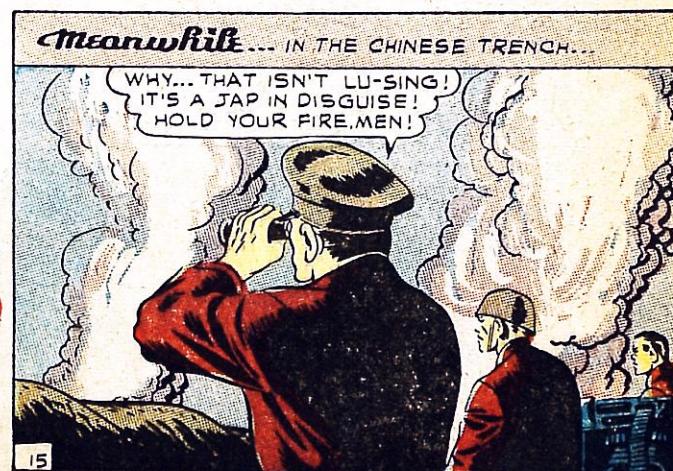
© HE FIGHTS HIS WAY THROUGH THE ACRID SMOKE...

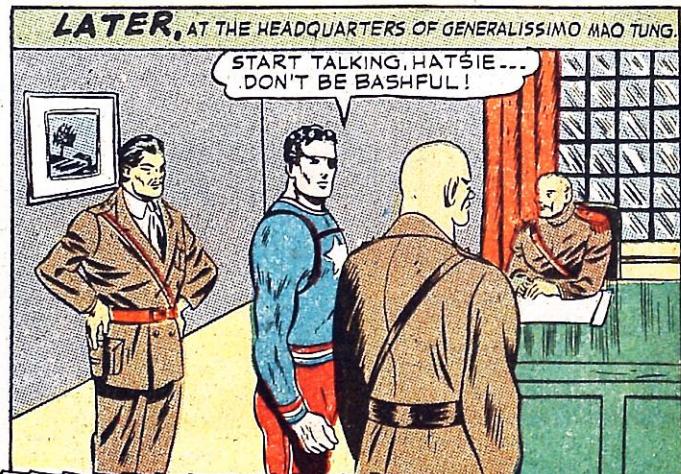
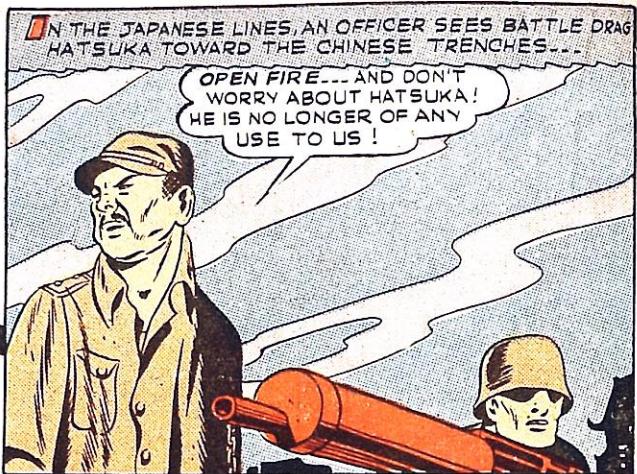


FORGET ME...
AND SAVE MY BABY!
SOME DAY, HE TOO
CAN FIGHT TO FREE
CHINA!!

© WITH THE BABY IN HIS ARMS,
BATTLE HEADS FOR AN
AIR RAID SHELTER... HE
REACHES IT UNSCATHERED!



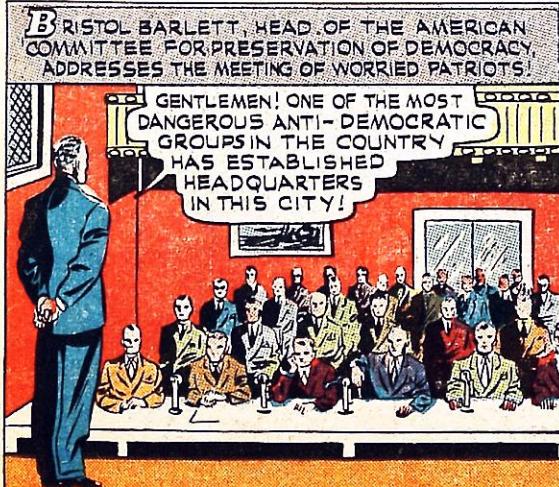




Captain BATTLE

CAPTAIN BATTLE, FAMOUS HERO OF WORLD WAR I, LOST AN EYE WHILE FIGHTING HAND TO HAND IN CHATEAU THIERRY. RETURNING HOME, HE DEDICATED HIS LIFE TO THE DESTRUCTION OF EVIL! HIS MANY SECRET INVENTIONS, WIDE KNOWLEDGE AND AMAZING STRENGTH FORM AN UNBEATABLE COMBINATION! DEFENDER OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY, FIGHTER FOR JUSTICE, CAPTAIN BATTLE IS AMERICA'S HERO! THE IDOL OF THE NATION'S YOUTH!

CHICAGO....TEEMING METROPOLIS, WHICH RID ITSELF OF THE NATION'S WORST RACKET MOBS...AGAIN HITS THE FRONT PAGE, AS CAPTAIN BATTLE, DEDICATED TO FREEDOM'S CAUSE, PITS HIMSELF AGAINST A SINISTER GROUP OF MEN WHO APPROPRIATELY CALL THEMSELVES, THE F.F.F. (FIRE, FORCE AND FEAR!) THEY ARE THE DREAD ENEMIES OF THE PEOPLE, AS THE FEARFUL SHADOW OF THE F.F.F. LOOMS OVER THE CITY... A GROUP OF MEN GATHER ON THE NORTH SIDE...



WE HAVE LEARNED THAT THE CHICAGO HOODED LEAGUE HAS BRANCHES IN ALL MAJOR CITIES, CALLING THEMSELVES THE F.F.F. AND THEIR LEADER'S NAME IS...

AS THE CHAIRMAN IS ABOUT TO MAKE HIS STARTLING DISCLOSURE, THE LIGHTS GO OUT!

WHAT TH? FIND THE SWITCH!

I'VE GOT IT, BUT IT DOESN'T WORK!

SUDDENLY A NEEDLE OF LIGHT PIERCES THE DARKNESS... SLOWLY IT MOVES ACROSS THE FACES OF THE AUDIENCE...

WHAT'S THIS... A GAG? IT'S COMING FROM THE BALCONY!

...AND STOPS ABRUPTLY ON BARLETT'S FACE!

HEY! CUT OUT THAT LIGHT!

FOR ONE OMINOUS MOMENT, THE LIGHT LINGERS ON THE PATRIOT'S FACE... THEN A SHOT RINGS OUT!

AH.RR...

A BULLET! RIGHT IN THE HEAD!!

LET'S GET 'EM!

BUT, THE DOOR LEADING TO THE BALCONY OPENS... REVEALING, CAPTAIN BATTLE!

TOO LATE! BUT NOT TOO LATE TO GET THE KILLER!

CAPTAIN BATTLE DISCERNES A STRANGE, GREEN HOODED FIGURE... WITH A LOOPING SWING, HE GOES INTO ACTION!

SWEET DREAMS RAT!

YEOW!

BUT
THE HOODED MAN RECOVERS AND VIOLENTLY SWINGS THE BUTT OF HIS RIFLE!

I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR DREAMING, FELLOW!

THE CUT WIRES ARE FIXED... THE LIGHTS FLASH ON... BUT THE HOODED MAN HAS DISAPPEARED! THIS RIFLE IS EQUIPPED WITH A FLASHLIGHT... LIKE THE ONES USED FOR HUNTING MOOSE AT NIGHT!



Suddenly... A MAN AT THE PRESS TABLE DOWNSTAIRS, POINTS AN ACCUSING FINGER AT CAPTAIN BATTLE!



SUSPECTED OF THE SLAYING, THE CAPTAIN MAKES A BREAK FOR FREEDOM...

SORRY, FELLOWS... BUT THIS HURTS ME MORE THAN IT DOES YOU! SEE YOU LATER, KELLY!



As the Captain smashes his way out of the meeting room, Kelly rushes back to the press room! YEA! KILLED INSTANTLY!... A REPORTER SUSPECTS CAPTAIN BATTLE... BUT I'M NOT SO SURE!



HAVING PHONED THE STORY TO HIS OFFICE, KELLY GOES TO THE HOTEL LOBBY WHERE HE MEETS CAPTAIN BATTLE'S SECRETARY.

GOSH! HE WOULD KNOCK THE POLICE FORCE AROUND! THAT GUY IS TROUBLE!

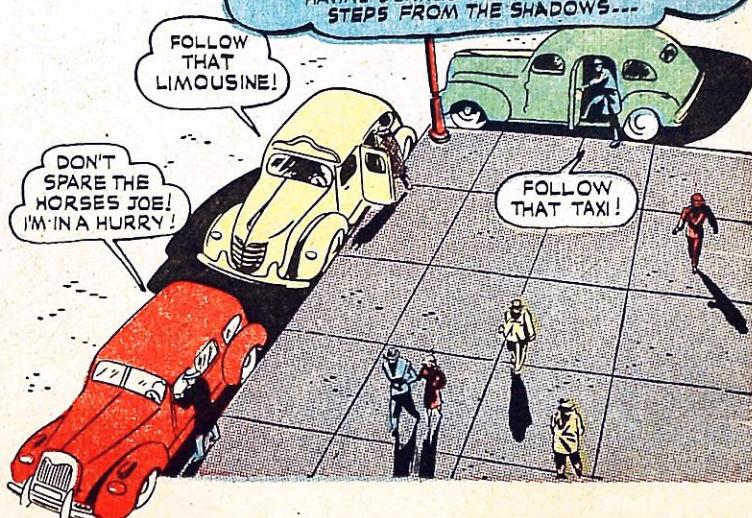
YOU KNOW THE CAPTAIN! EXCUSE ME! I SEE A MAN I DON'T LIKE! I'LL BE BACK IN A JIFFY!

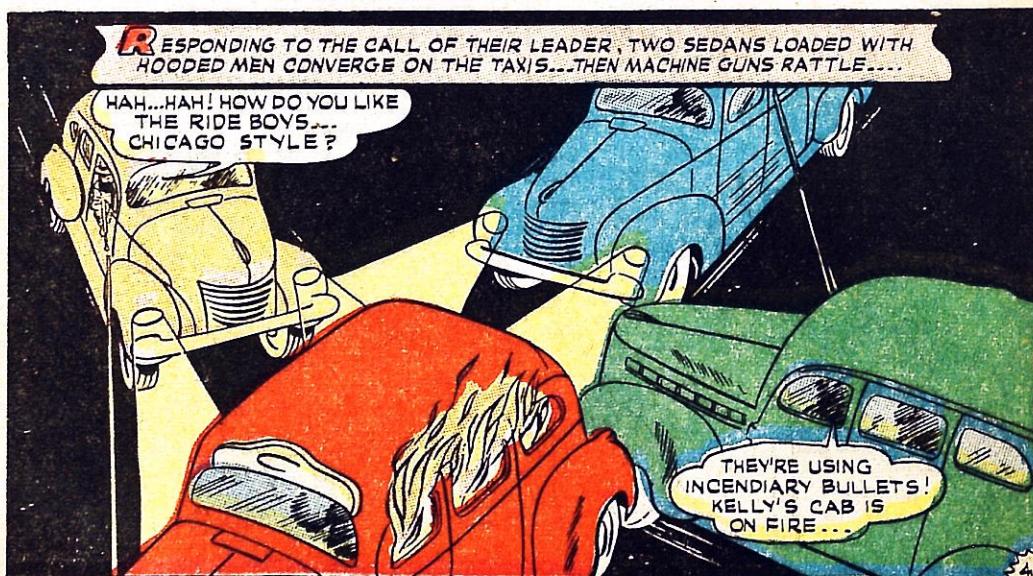


KELLY TRAILS THE NEWS-PAPERMAN WHO ACCUSED THE CAPTAIN OF BARLETT'S MURDER.

I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED HIM! HE'S THOMPSON, EDITOR OF MID-WEST NATIONALIST... A PAPER THAT LIKES THE WAY HITLER DOES THINGS!

NOW IS THE TIME TO STRIKE... WHILE THE TOWN'S CHASING CAPTAIN BATTLE!





CAPTAIN BATTLE RUSHES TO AID KELLY!

OUR HOODED PALS
ARE SCRAMMING! GUESS I
OUGHT TO THANK YOU... BUT
I WON'T, TILL I KNOW WHO
YOU ARE!

SOME DAY!
SAY!
WHAT'S THAT
NOISE!

BLAM!

LOOKS LIKE THE LEAGUE
HAS STARTED ITS DIRTY
WORK! WE MUST STOP IT'S
SPREAD ACROSS THE COUNTRY!

I'LL CALL MY
OFFICE. SEE
YOU LATER!

DISGUISED AS HONEST RAILROAD WORKERS, A
GANG OF HOODED MEN PLANT A BOMB ON THE
TRACKS OF THE 'EL'! IT EXPLODES WITH A ROAR...
A STRING OF CARS PLUNGE INTO THE STREET. THE WORK-
MEN ARE BLAMED AS THE REIGN OF TERROR BEGINS...

HOODED MEN POUR INTO THE STREET... THE
DECENT CITIZENS ARE COWED! SUCH SCENES
ARE DUPLICATED THROUGHOUT THE CITY!

DOWN WITH DEMOCRACY
UP WITH FASCISM!

WE SURRENDER...
I'D RATHER WEAR A HOOD
THAN A WOODEN BOX!

THEY'LL CHAIN
YOU WITH LIVING DEATH!
ALL THOSE WHO
LOVE FREEDOM,
FOLLOW ME!

HE'S RIGHT!
C'MON WE CAN
ONLY DIE
ONCE!

KILL!
KILL!
KILL!
BANG!

THE CAPTAIN'S CLARION CALL INSPIRES THE MEN
WITH SWINGING FISTS AND FEARLESS HEARTS
THEY CHARGE THE HOODED MEN!

The OFFICE OF THE CITY-WIDE PRESS AGENCY...

SWELL STORY, KELLY! NOW GOTO THE MILITARY CLUB! ALL THE ARMY OFFICERS IN TOWN ARE GOING THERE TO SET UP EMERGENCY HEADQUARTERS!



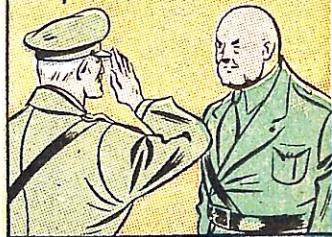
Meanwhile...

BEAT IT DOWN TO THE MILITARY CLUB, 'MAJOR' AND DO YOUR STUFF! I'M GOING TO WATCH THE LEAGUE'S PROGRESS FROM MY PLANE!



CONCEALING THE GUN UNDER HIS COAT, THE FAKE OFFICER ENTERS THE MILITARY CLUB...

WE'VE BEEN LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU, MAJOR DAVIS! WE'RE SETTING UP A PLAN TO DEFEND THE CITY!



In the Conference Room...

I'LL HAVE TO PUT A STOP TO THAT!

THE ATTACK CAN BE LAUNCHED FROM THREE POINTS!

CONFIDENTIAL ORDER TO ALL ARMY POSTS IN AREA 52: SEND REINFORCEMENTS AT ONCE! SITUATION OUT OF POLICE CONTROL!



Suddenly, the fake officer goes into action...

SORRY! BUT THE CONFERENCE IS OVER, GENTLEMEN!!

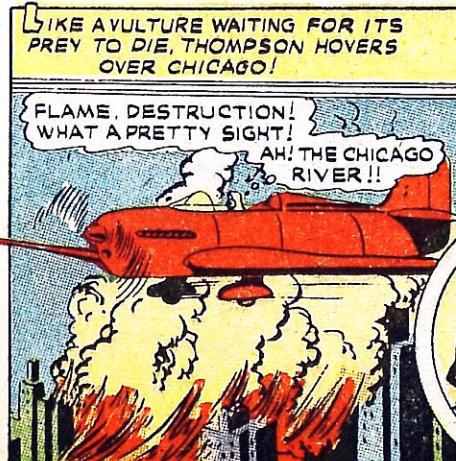
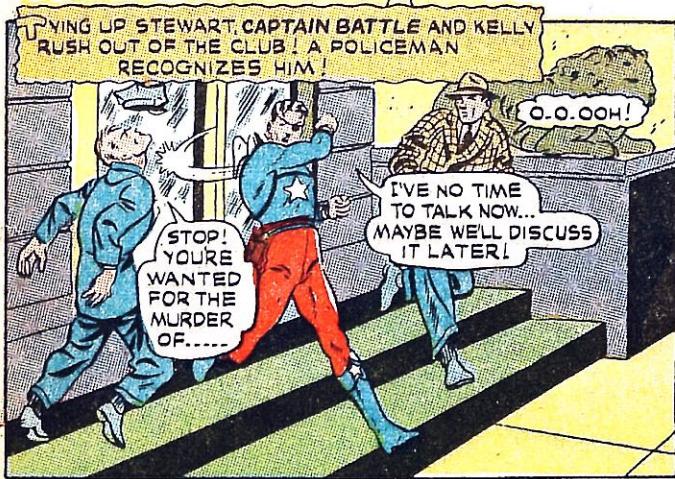


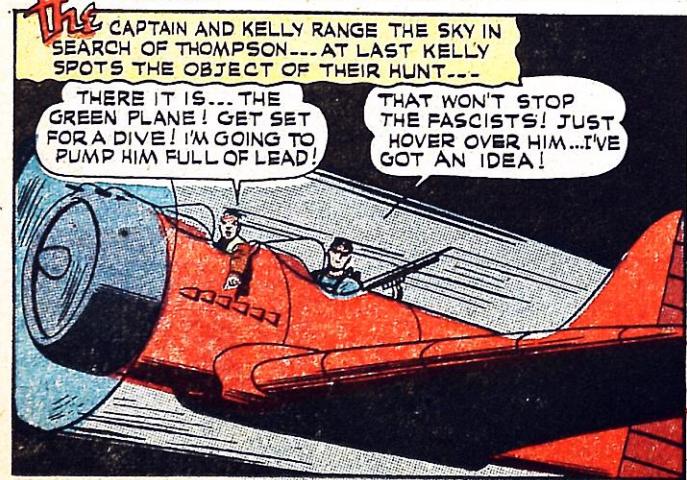
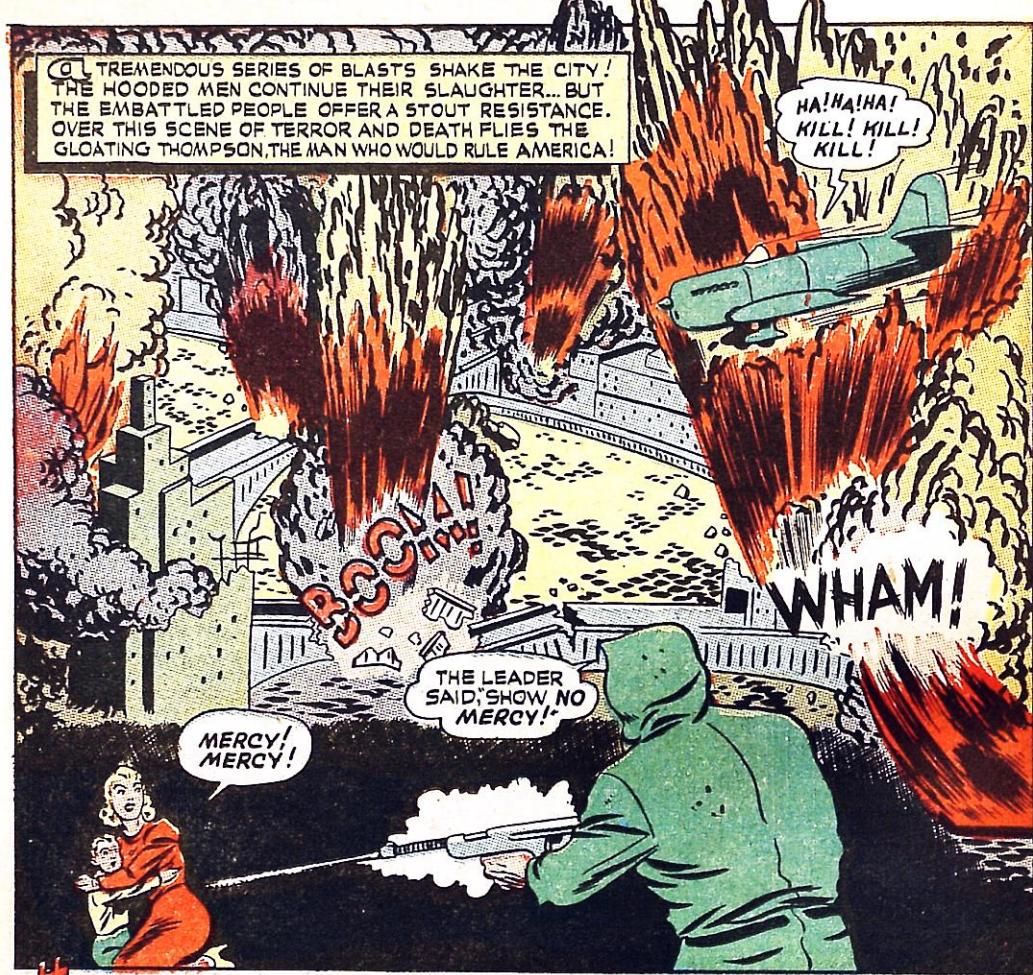
The machine gun mows down the officers. Captain Battle and Kelly break into the room...

NOW TO COUNTERMAND THAT ORDER FOR REINFORCEMENTS!

OH, NO YOU DON'T!







**The Captain attempts
the most dangerous feat
in aerial stunting!**

HURRAY FOR THE
MAN ON THE
FLYING TRAPEZE!

IF THOMPSON
TAKES A NOTION
TO BANK OR DIVE,
I'LL MISS ... I'D RATHER
NOT USE MY LUCEFLYERS!



**BUT THOMPSON HAS ANOTHER
NOTION...**

I DON'T LIKE
INTRUDERS, MISTER!
TAKE A WALK!

MISS ME! AS A
SHARPSHOOTER,
HE'D MAKE A
SWELL
BUM!

**YOU
RAT!**

**BEFORE THOMPSON CAN FIRE
AGAIN, THE CAPTAIN LUNGES...**

DO AS I SAY, OR I'LL
MELT YOU INTO
A JELLO
PUDDING ----
YEOW!

**GRABBING THE GUN.....THE
CAPTAIN BARKS AN ORDER...**

CALL YOUR PALS AND
TELL THEM THEY'RE BEATEN!
TELL THEM TO RETREAT!



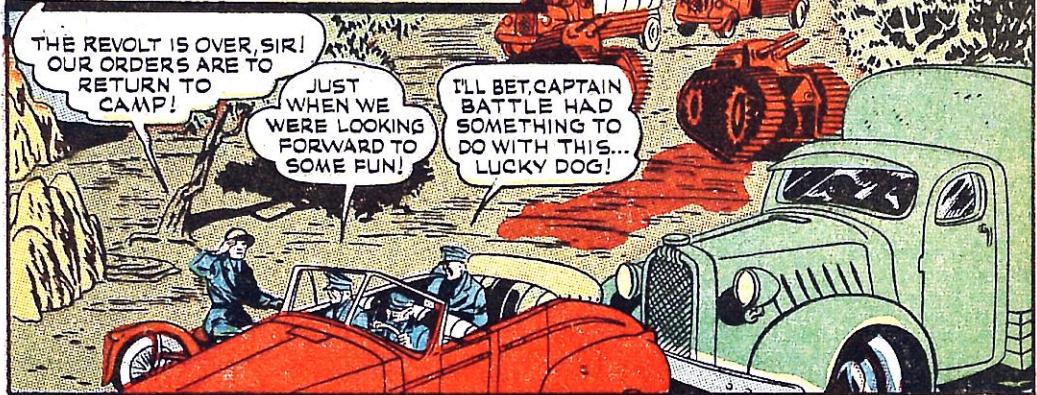
**CIVILIAN PATRIOT AND A PO-
LICE SERGEANT IN A PATROL
CAR, PICK UP THE CAPTAIN'S
VOICE**

CALLING ALL POLICE CARS AND
FRIENDS OF DEMOCRACY---
PROCEED TO THE NATIONALIST
BUILDING! THE HOODED MEN
WILL BE FALLING BACK THERE!
LONG LIVE DEMOCRACY!

HE'S RIGHT! ALL THE
SHOOTING'S STOPPED!
LET'S GO!

**LEARNING THE LOCATION OF THE LEAGUE
HEADQUARTERS, THE CAPTAIN TWIRLS
THE DIAL TO POLICE WAVE LENGTH AND...**

Meanwhile...AS A COLUMN OF LOYAL ARMY REINFORCEMENTS NEARS CHICAGO...



POLICE ROUND UP THE HOODED MEN!



THE CHIEF'S OFFICE AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



Later...AT THE HOTEL...



THE CAPTAIN APPEARS IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES...



FOLLOW
CAPTAIN BATTLE'S
SILVERSTREAK
COMICS EVERY MONTH!
Explosive TV

SENSATIONAL!

AT LAST!
DARE-DEVIL
AT HIS *BEST*
IN HIS *OWN*
COMIC BOOK!

12 SMASH FEATURES

DARE-DEVIL COMICS

THE MOST
SENSATIONAL CAST OF COMIC
BOOK CHARACTERS EVER ASSEMBLED—
STARRING DARE-DEVIL HIMSELF—
AND INCLUDING—



MORE RUTHLESS
AND CUNNING THAN EVER BEFORE,
IS THIS MASTER OF DESTRUCTION
IN HIS GREED INSPIRED SCHEMES TO
CONQUER AMERICA...



REAL AMERICAN #1
SON OF AN INDIAN CHIEF—
JEFF DIXON, PROMINENT YOUNG LAWYER, BECOMES
A LEADER OF THE PEOPLE,
BRINGING TO JUSTICE
THE EVIL FORCES THAT
HARASS HIS PEOPLE...



The Pioneer
CHAMPION OF
AMERICA—



THE WHIRLWIND

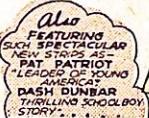
DECKLESS TERRY
YOUNG, YOUTHFUL
LUMBER JACK, GOES
FORTH TO THREATEN
THE HEAVYWEIGHT
CHAMPION...



NIGHTRO
THE
STREAMLINED
ROBINHOOD—



EMERGING FROM
THE CHAOS AND
DESTRUCTION OF
TORN ENGLAND IS A
DEBONAIR FIGURE,
YOUNG, BRAVE, BOLD,
AND DASHING.
LONDON INJECTS
HIS BRAVADO AND
COURAGE INTO
THE HEARTS OF THE
SUFFERING BRITONS—



Also
FEATURING
SIXY SPECTACULAR
NEW STARS AS—
LEADER OF YOUNG
AMERICA'S
DASH DYNAR
(HIGHLIGHT SCHOOLBOY
STORY)

0th



AND MANY OTHER FEATURES

GET IT QUICK ON YOUR NEWSSTAND!



NIGHT, the velvet night of the African jungle, fell like a cloak over Rombasa.

From the camouflaged airport on the outskirts of the village came a low hum. It swelled to a roar. Transport planes, loaded with German soldiers, were thundering upward.

Captain Battle, concealed by the shadow of a tree on the edge of the forest, paused to look up at the grey cigar-like shapes of the big Junkers. "Heading east!" he said to himself. "I wonder . . ." He broke off suddenly . . . "I've got more to do than worry about German planes. They've got Lance Hale in the jug—and I've got to get him out somehow."

Suddenly there came the scrape of a heavy boot. A Nazi sentry was approaching. Noiselessly, Battle withdrew, becoming part of the jungle.

• *By Jay Diger* •

The Jungle could talk—and Lance Hale knew how to make it speak—when Captain Battle had to send his warning to the British under attack . . .

"Thought I saw something moving here!" the soldier said, half-aloud. "Guess it was some animal!"

Rifle on shoulder, he turned. Then Battle leaped, fist swinging. It caught the sentry square on the chin. Without a word the sentry slumped to the ground. Battle smiled grimly. "Hmm—just about my size!" He dragged the limp figure into the jungle. A few minutes later he emerged—in the grey uniform of the sentry.

LANCE HALE, soldier of fortune, stared dully at the floor of his cell in the mud jail of Rombasa, and waited for the dawn. The previous night, as he stole toward the hut of the Nazi commandant in search of information for the British Secret Service, he had been captured . . . He was to die on the morrow . . . Suddenly he raised his eyes.

The cell door had opened. Before him stood the turnkey, a sour smile on his rat-face. Beside him was a German soldier. "They are going to execute you in a little while, ahead of schedule," the turnkey said.

Lance rose slowly from his coat. "Okay—I'm ready."

The soldier led him into the almost deserted street. A wild idea of escape flashed through Lance's brain, but the soldier seemed to divine the thought. "I wouldn't if I were you," he said, raising his gun. He seemed to be smiling.

To Lance it seemed they had been walking hours, but they were only on the edge of the jungle. "Well, where's the firing squad?" he demanded. "Let's get it over with!"

"Don't be a sap," the soldier said. Lance's eyes popped as the other took off his helmet. "Captain Battle!—well, I'll be!—"

"I was told you might be in custody. Learn anything?"

Plenty. The Nazis are going to blitz Dibya, the British base, tomorrow morning. Surprise attack!"

Battle's jaw fell. "It's a five hundred mile trip—but the luceflyers ought to get us there!" He whipped off the grey tunic, revealing the familiar rocket mechanism on his back. "Grab my arm!"

Flame flashed from the rocket as Battle and Lance roared into the air. "It won't be long now!" Lance said, smiling. But he was wrong. For from below came the rat-tat-tat of an anti-aircraft gun. They had been spotted!

A streak of white tracer bullets cut through the night.

BANG!

"There go the luceflyers!" Battle cried. "We're going to crash into a tree!"

They flung up their arms as the tree rushed up to meet them.

"Off!"

"Yeow!"

Desperately, their hands closed over the welter of branches into which they had fallen. They clung there a moment, panting. Then they descended, faces bleeding, their bodies bruised.

"Now what?" said Battle. "With the luceflyers damaged, we'll never get to Dibya to warn them!"

Lance grinned. "I've got an idea. Come along."

Wondering, Battle followed him into the jungle. Deeper and deeper they went, until the stars disappeared. The jungle now was like a gigantic pit. "Ah—here it is!" Lance whispered tensely. Battle bent closer. "What?"

Lance's hand swept aside a carpet of twigs, revealing a long, hollow log. Beside it lay a club.

"Go ahead," Battle said, "I'll bite!"

For reply, Lance grabbed the club and began to beat the log. BOOM! . . . BOOM! . . . BOOM! . . . Lance straightened up . . . "Listen!"

From the distance there came an answering Boom—Three times.

"I've got friends among the natives," Lance explained hurriedly. This is the jungle telegraph! They'll relay my message across Africa!" He sank to one knee, and the forest resounded to the eerie sound . . . Boom! BOOM! BOOM!

One hour later, a big native, his body stained with sweat and dust, staggered into the headquarters of the Dibya Division of the British Army of the Nile. Lieut.-Col. Howard Smythe leaped to his feet.

"Somba! . . . What brings you here?"

The big African gasped out a reply. "Jungie Boom-bomb talk . . . It say big force German soldiers headed this way . . . Surprise attack at rising of sun . . . Message from Lance . . ."

"Then Battle must have helped him escape!" Smythe ejaculated. He whirled, picked up a phone. "All leaves cancelled! . . . Radio the fleet for reinforcements . . . Order the women and children into the air-raid shelters . . . We'll give these blitzers a little surprise!"

It was mid-day and the sun was a fiery ball as Battle and Lance pushed on toward Dibya. "We ought to hear from them soon," Lance said . . . "Unless the message got there too late!"

"I hope not! . . . It'd make a massacre!" Battle broke off . . . "Say! . . . Do you hear what I hear?"

Lance listened intently. A faint smile appeared on his lips. For the silent jungle was speaking.

Boom! Boom! Boom! The jungle said.

"What's the message?" Battle demanded impatiently.

Lance translated the code aloud. "Nazis attacked . . . But Garrison prepared . . . we won't thank to you . . . Cheorio! . . . Smythe!"

The two men grinned at each other, then resumed the weary trek. In the distance the booming faded . . . The jungle had spoken . . .

THE END

THE UNDERCOVER MAN



BY NATHANIEL NITKIN

DENNIS NEVILLE

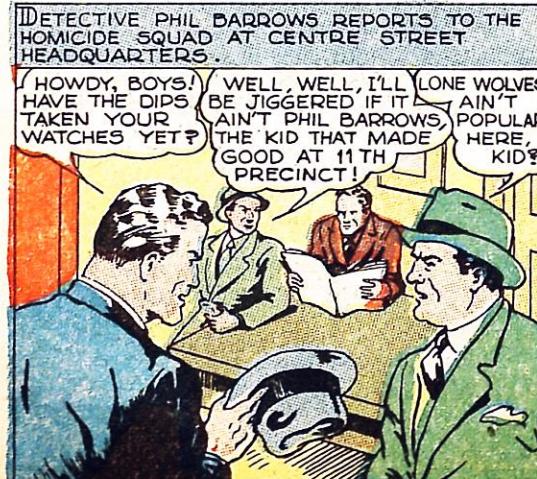
FLOWER LADY, TOUGHIE, SOCIALITE, OR EMIGRANT--NO MATTER UNDER WHAT DISGUISE--PHIL BARROWS WAS FIRST OF ALL A VERY GOOD DETECTIVE, NOBODY KNEW HIM AS THE UNDERCOVER MAN WHO SEEMED TO KNOW WHAT GANGSTERS AND CRIMINALS WOULD DO NEXT!

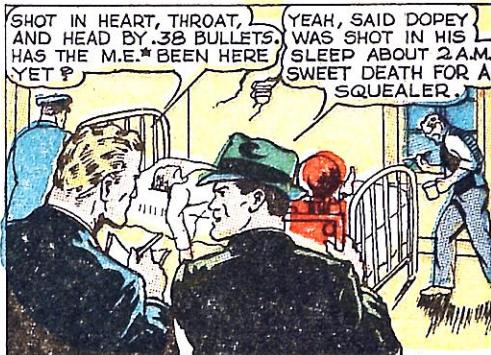
DETECTIVE PHIL BARROWS REPORTS TO THE HOMICIDE SQUAD AT CENTRE STREET HEADQUARTERS.

HOWDY, BOYS! WELL, WELL, I'LL LONE WOLVES HAVE THE DIPS (BE JIGGERED IF IT AIN'T TAKEN YOUR AIN'T PHIL BARROWS, POPULAR WATCHES YET?) THE KID THAT MADE HERE, GOOD AT 11TH PRECINCT!

DETECTIVE CAPTAIN CASSIDY HAS AN ASSIGNMENT FOR THE NEW MEMBER OF THE HOMICIDE SQUAD.

YOU, DETECTIVE PHIL (I'LL DO MY BEST, BARROWS, GO TO THIS SIR!) ADDRESS, DOPEY BRODY WAS FOUND ... SHOT IN HIS SLEEP. HE WAS A STOOL PIGEON.

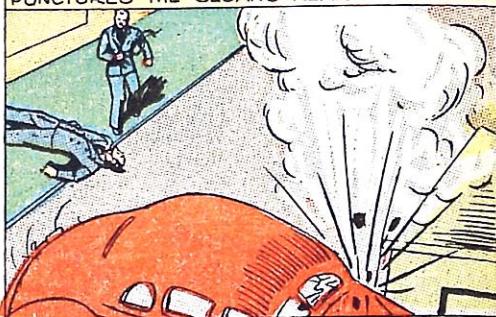




THEY GOT REGAN! I GUessed RIGHT. DONATI'S LINKED UP WITH THE UNDERWORLD.



PHIL BARROWS' ACCURATE SHOOTING PUNCTURES THE SEDAN'S REAR TIRE.



BARROWS, STILL IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, WITNESSES THE KILLING.



MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, BARROWS! BUT WE NEED PROOF!

I'LL GET THE PROOF!



PHIL RETURNS TO HIS HOME AND TAKES OUT HIS MAKE-UP KIT.

THIS CALLS FOR A LITTLE UNDERCOVER WORK!



PHIL EMERGES FROM HIS HOUSE, AN OLD WOMAN CARRYING FLOWERS.

I'LL HAUNT DONATI'S WARD UNTIL I GET A LEAD!



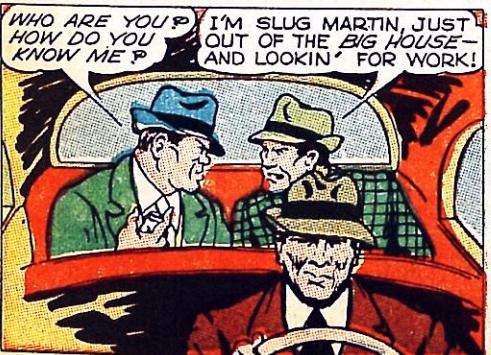
BUY A FLOWER, PLEASE! (OKAY! GIVE ME BUY A FLOWER! A QUARTERS WORTH.)



I'M LUCKIER THAN I THOUGHT! THOSE TWO GUYS ARE BUGS HALLORAN AND FATS SCHULTZ! FATS IS A PAL OF JOE THE SNAKE!



PHIL BECOMES A HARDENED CRIMINAL— A GUNMAN JUST OUT OF THE PENITENTIARY.

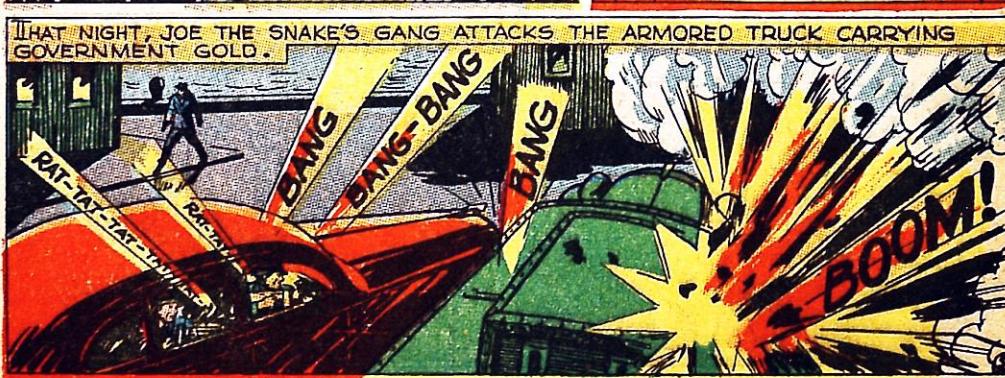


THIS MAKE-UP HAS SERVED ITS PURPOSE! NOW, LET'S SEE . . . I HAVE IT!



IF DONATI GIVES FATS PROTECTION, HIS WARD'S THE BEST HUNTING GROUND. HEY—WHAT'S GOING ON OVER THERE?





BUT THE POLICE ARE PREPARED FOR IT.

RAT-TAT-TAT TAT-TAT-TAT!

BANG! BANG!

BANG! BANG!

BANG! BANG!

ARMORED
COM

RAT-TAT-TAT

IT'S JOE
THE SNAKE!

THE UNDERCOVER MAN
PUT US WISE TO THIS!
WHO IS HE? YOU BOYS
OUGHT TO KNOW!

SEARCH
ME!
THE UNDERCOVER
MAN! I'LL BET THAT
WAS SLUG MARTIN!

A SILENT SPECTATOR OF THE
FIGHT STARTS HIS CAR.

WELL DONE! THE
PAPERS SHOULD
GIVE THE POLICE
PROPER CREDIT!

THE SOCIALITE ENTERS PHIL BARROWS'
ROOM.

BUT MY WORK IS
NOT YET DONE!
EDUARDO DONATI
IS NEXT!

FROM A SOCIALITE
BARROWS CHANGES
TO —

PLEASE... MY NAME,
SHE IS TONY... I
IN MUCHA TROUBLE...
THAT WILL DO. I
HOPE DONATI
DOESN'T MIND
MY VISIT!

EDUARDO DONATI HAS AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.



LATER, DETECTIVE PHIL BARROWS BOOKS DONATI IN MAGISTRATE'S COURT.

EDUARDO DONATI, CHARGED WITH CONSPIRING WITH ONE JOE THE SNAKE TO MURDER DOPEY BRODY.



THRILLING ADVENTURE ART NARRATIVES
14
SILVER STREAK COMICS EVERY MONTH!

Gunner and Gupey

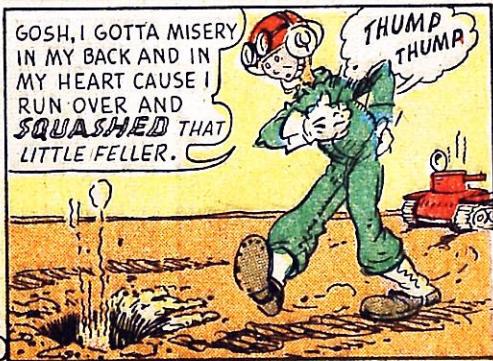
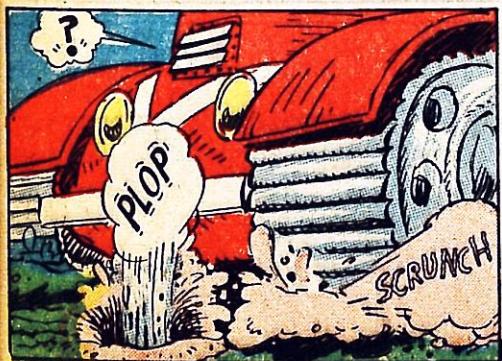
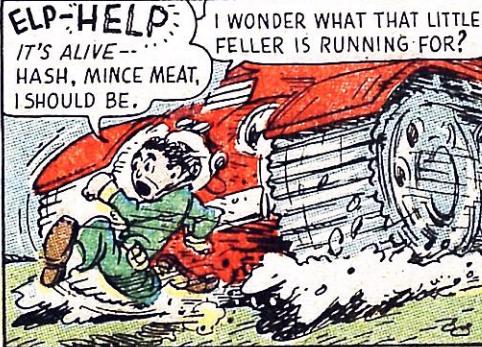
GUNNER AND GUPEY, JUST TWO ORDINARY AMERICAN BOYS, ONE FROM THE EAST SIDE NEW YORK CITY, ONE FROM THE FARM IN THE MID-WEST. THEY MEET IN A TANK—BECOME PALS IN WORK AND PLAY, SHARING THEIR JOYS AND GRIEFS TOGETHER IN OUR ARMY.

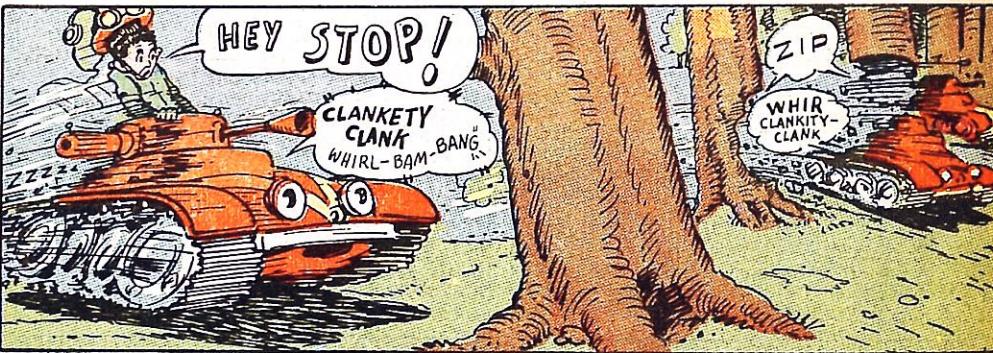
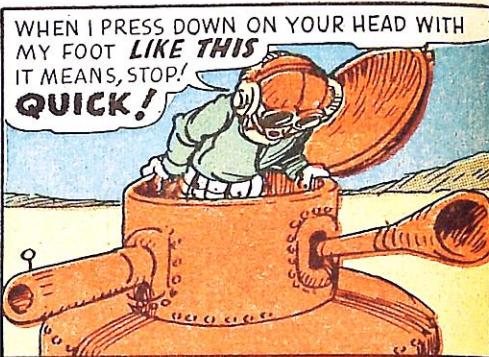
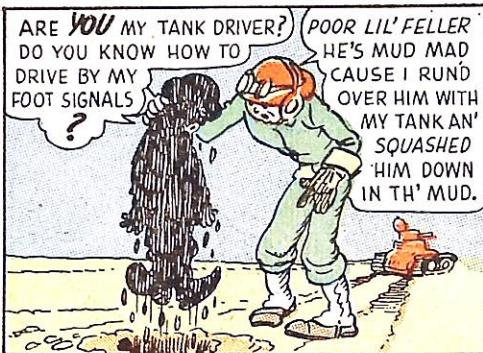
TH' SERGEANT SAID FOR ME TO REPORT TO TANK 13 AND BE THE GUNNER. BUT WHERE AT IS MY DRIVER. TH' DARN THING DON'T RUN BY ITSELF---

---OR
DOES IT?

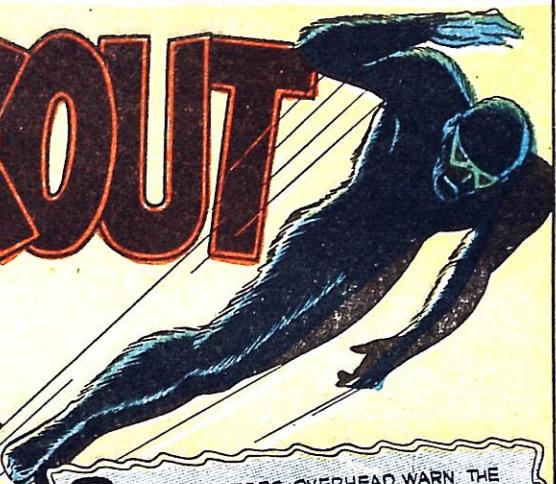
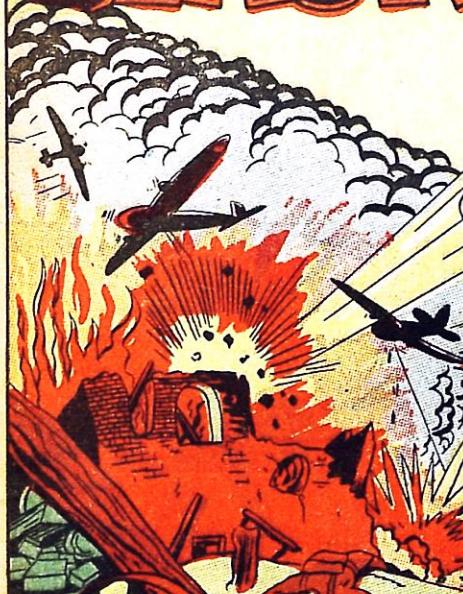
I'VE GOTTA MISERY

OINK-OINK
CHUG-CLANK
BONG-BLUK
ANG-UNG
CLANG-





BLACKOUT



Droning motors overhead warn the people of bomb infested cities that a killer, worse than plague, has come... bombs! The only protection from this marauding scourge comes when the curtain of night drops over the city, like a guardian cloak! But-- spiraling above the city... from the forlorn ruins...there appears another defender of humanity...he is BLACKOUT! friend of the oppressed!!

"WAR IS BUT MURDER IN UNIFORM"; DOUGLAS JERROLD.

BELGRADE YUGOSLAVIA, APRIL...1941: A MONOTONOUS WAIL PIERCES THE EARS OF MEN AND WOMEN CAUGHT IN THE MAELSTROM OF WAR! IT'S AN AIR RAID! AND AS THUNDEROUS BLASTS ECHO THROUGHOUT THE STREETS.

TO THE SHELTERS, QUICK!

...AN ENDLESS PROCESSION OF BOMB VICTIMS STREAM INTO BELGRADE'S MEDICAL HOSPITAL WHERE BASIL BRUSILOFF WORKS FEVERISHLY UNDER THE LIGHT OF AN EMERGENCY LAMP.

WE NEED MORE ANTI-TETANUS SERUM, DR. BRUSILOFF!

TAKE OVER HERE! I'LL GET IT!

IN THE LABORATORY.....

WHY? WHY? WHAT HAVE WE DONE, TO BE ATTACKED SO BRUTALLY? MANGLED WOMEN...MEN SCREAMING IN DYING AGONY! WHY? IT SHOULD NOT BE!

WHAT'S THAT?

IT'S COMING CLOSER! A DIVE BOMBER! LORD! DOESN'T THE ACCURSED DEVIL KNOW THIS IS A HOSPITAL?
NO! NO! DON'T!

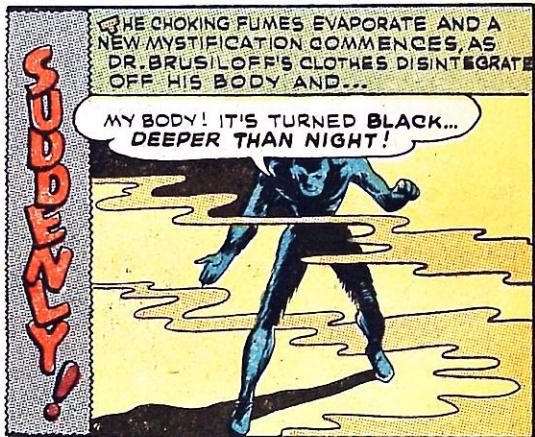
BUT, DR. BRUSILOFF'S HYSTERICAL PLEADING COULD NEVER BE HEARD BY THE GAUNT PILOT WHO DROPS HIS CARGO OF DEATH ON THE HOSPITAL ROOF!

A TERRIFIC CONCUSSION OF FLAME AND BRUTE FORCE SMASHES INTO THE LABORATORY!

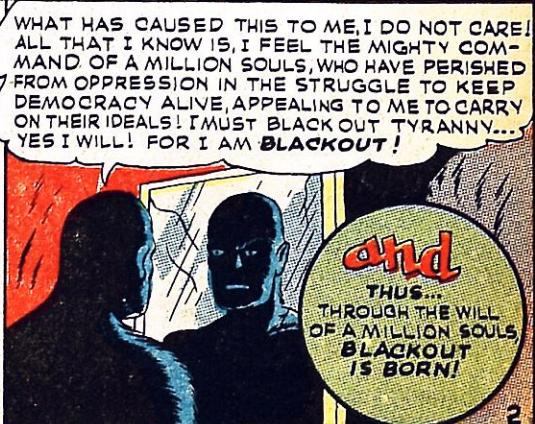
NO!
NO!

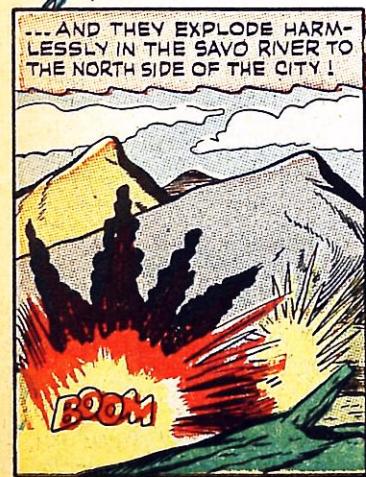
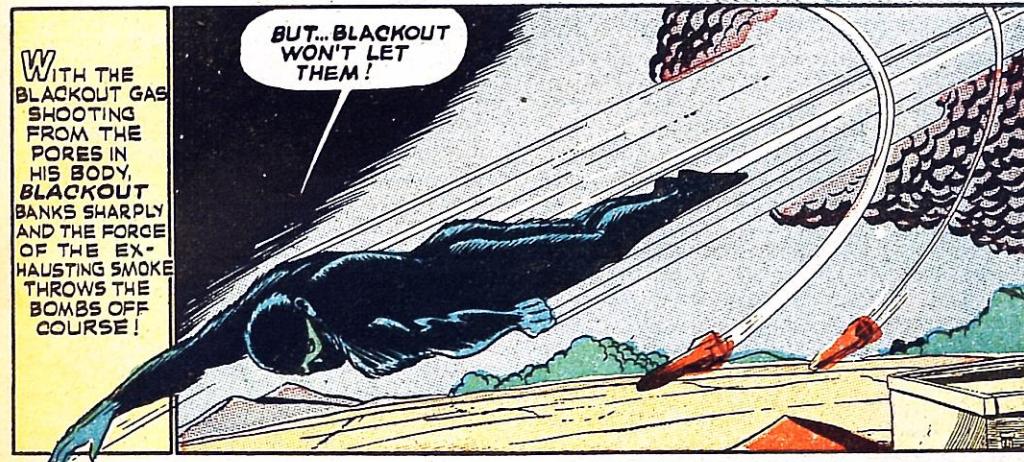
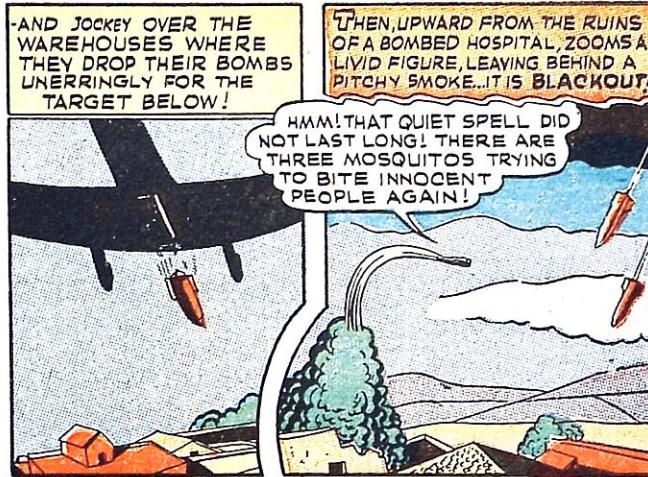


WHEN A SHROUDED MYSTERY OVERTAKES THE ROOM, AS THE CHEMICALS AND MEDICINES SPILLED FROM SHATTERED BOTTLES, IGNITE TO BLOW OUT STREAMS OF JET BLACK SMOKE THAT WHIRLS AROUND DR. BRUSILOFF WITH CYCLONIC FORCE!



STANDING BEFORE A MIRROR, HE VIEWS HIS EBONY REFLECTION! AT THE SAME TIME, HE EXPERIENCES A NEW-FOUND THRILL, AS TREMENDOUS ENERGY SURGES THROUGH HIS FRAME!





BLACKOUT TAILS THE PLANES INTO ENEMY LAND, AND Tiring of the Chase...

THIS IS
GETTING DULL!

...DECIDES TO END IT!

PARDON MY
SMOKE, CHUMS!

THE DENSE BLACKOUT SMOKE
SEEPS INTO THE PLANE!

I CAN'T SEE!
...CAN'T
BREATHE...!

AGHRH!

Out
OF CONTROL.
THE PLANES
CRASH TO
EARTH!

AND AS I HAVE BLACKED OUT
THESE ENEMIES OF LIBERTY...
SO SHALL I DO TO ALL WHO'D
CAUSE OPPRESSION
TO REIGN

SUDDENLY...

SAY! WHAT
IS THIS?

PICTURE SIGHT IS REVEALED TO BLACKOUT
AS HE SEES HUNDREDS OF BEDRAGGLED PEOP-
PLE MARCHING WEARILY UNDER VICIOUS
PRODS OF KEEN-EDGED BAYONETS!

SO, YOU WON'T
MARCH, EH?
TAKE THIS!

...CAN'T...
I'M
EXHAUSTED!
NO! PLEASE!

AH! HIT HER,
JOSEF!

I BET YOU'D HIT
YOUR OWN
'MOTHER!'

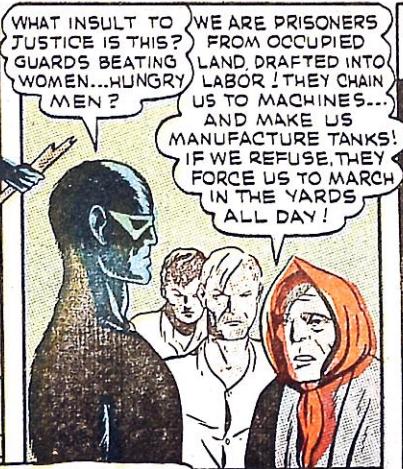
OOH!

HUH?

SNATCHING THE FALLEN RIFLE,
BLACKOUT CRACKS INTO THE
OTHER GUARD!

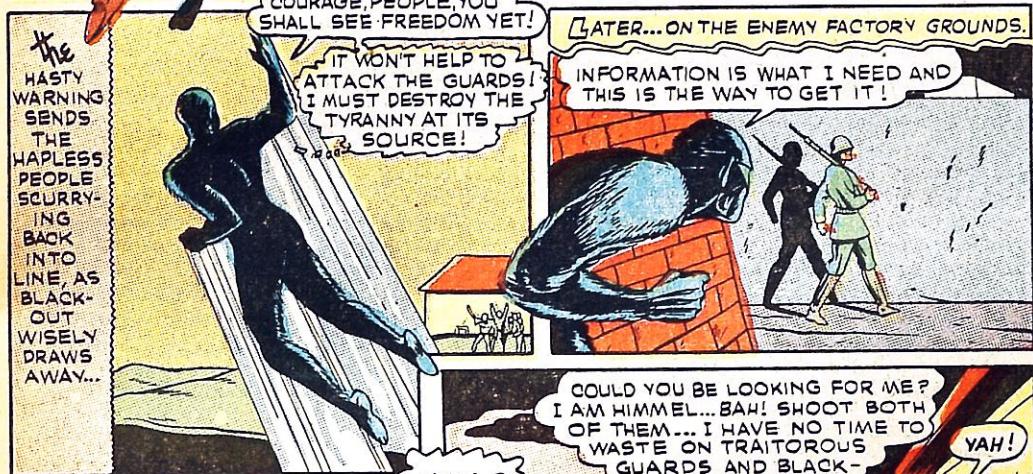


WHAT INSULT TO JUSTICE IS THIS?
GUARDS BEATING WOMEN...HUNGRY
MEN?
WE ARE PRISONERS FROM OCCUPIED
LAND, DRAFTED INTO LABOR! THEY CHAIN
US TO MACHINES... AND MAKE US
MANUFACTURE TANKS!
IF WE REFUSE, THEY FORCE US TO MARCH
IN THE YARDS ALL DAY!



NONE OF US ARE FIT TO DO THE WORK!
IT'S TERRIBLE! QUICK!
GET IN LINE... HERE COME MORE GUARDS!

HASTY WARNING SENDS THE HAPLESS PEOPLE SCURRYING BACK INTO LINE, AS BLACK-OUT WISELY DRAWS AWAY...



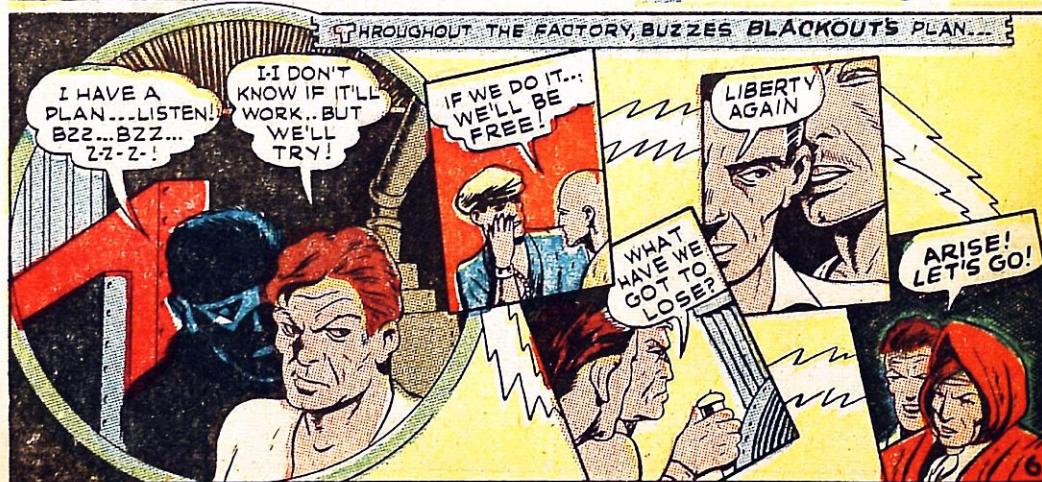
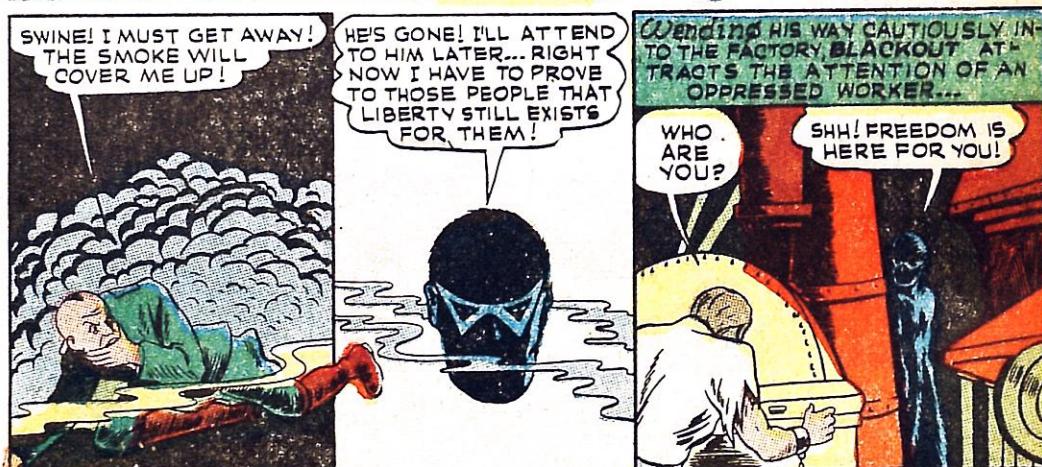
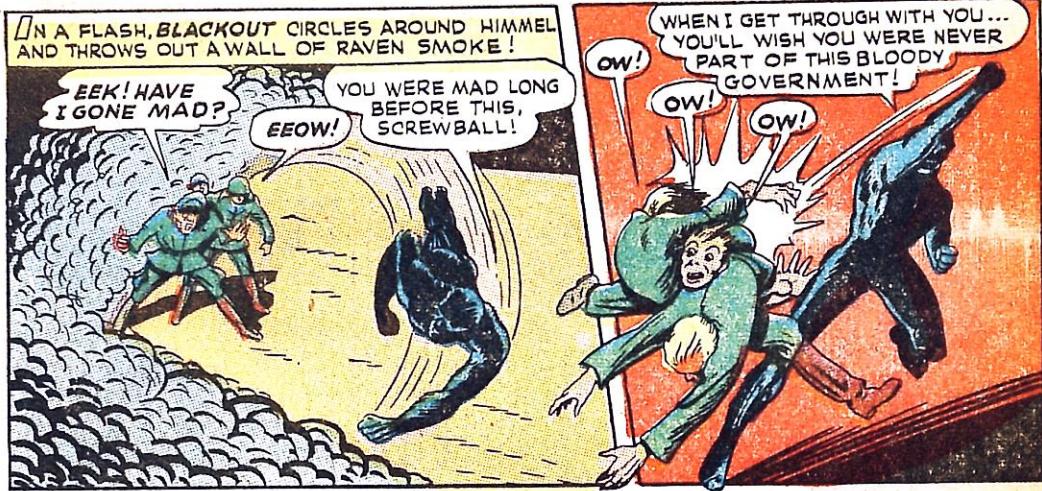
LATER... ON THE ENEMY FACTORY GROUNDS.

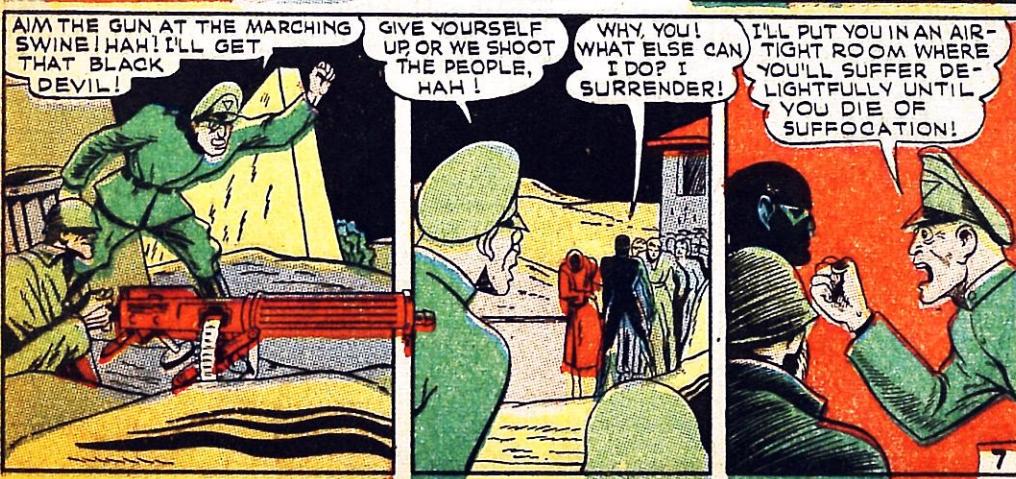
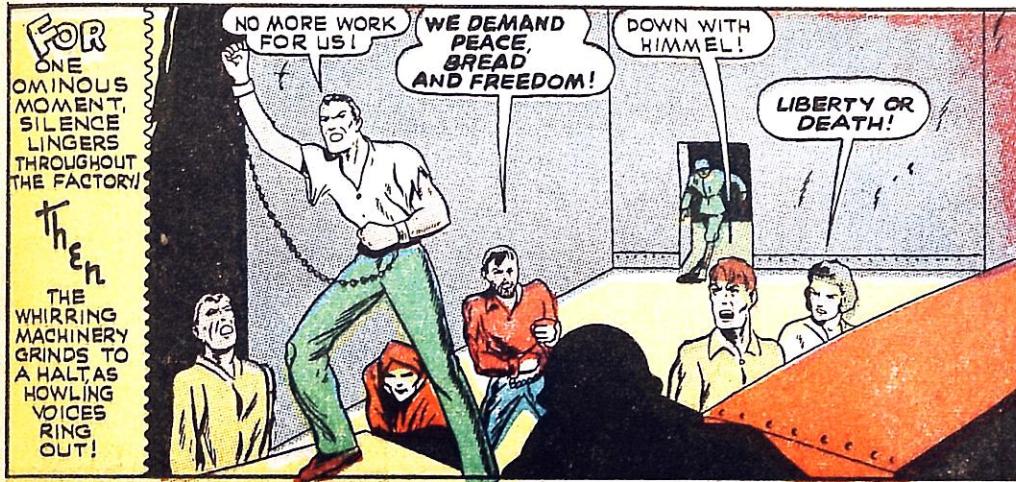
INFORMATION IS WHAT I NEED AND THIS IS THE WAY TO GET IT!

WHO IS IN CHARGE OF THIS SLAVE FACTORY? SPEAK!

STOP! I'LL TELL!
IT'S HEINRICH HIMMEL!







BLACKOUT IS RUTHLESSLY THROWN INTO A STEEL-GIRDED CELL AND THE AIR-TIGHT DOOR IS SHUT...

WHEW! I WONDER HOW MANY VICTIMS THIS TORTURE CHAMBER HAS CLAIMED? SAY! THEY'RE DRAWING THE AIR OUT NOW!



IT'S STARTED ALREADY... GETTING DIFFICULT TO BREATHE! NO! I CAN'T LET THOSE HELPLESS PEOPLE DOWN! ARRR!



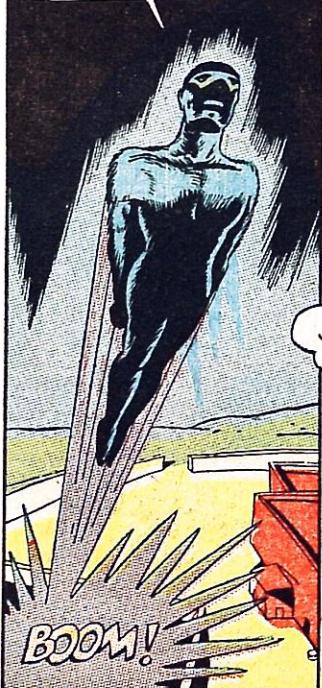
MEANWHILE... HIMMEL, WITH SADISTIC PLEASURE EXECUTES HIS BRUTALITY OVER THE MARCHING PEOPLE!

UPON YOUR FEET, PIGS! MARCH! HA! YOU THOUGHT THAT BLACK DEVIL WOULD GIVE YOU FREEDOM! BAH! MARCH! HAH!

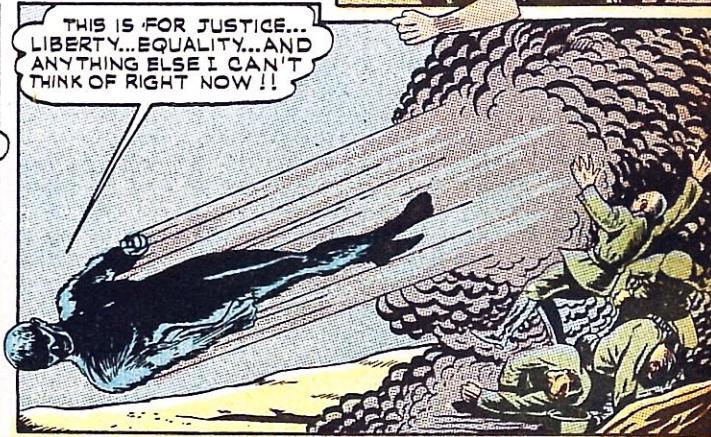


A TERRIFIC DETONATION DROWNS OUT HIMMEL'S CRAZED VOICE, AS THE ROOF OF THE FACTORY BLOWS OFF AND OUT SHOOTS BLACKOUT!

LEAVING OUT BLACKOUT SMOKE DID IT! IT BUILT UP TONS OF PRESSURE AND BLEW THE CELL APART! NOW TO EDUCATE THOSE SLOBS WITH DECENCY!!



THIS IS FOR JUSTICE... LIBERTY... EQUALITY... AND ANYTHING ELSE I CAN'T THINK OF RIGHT NOW!!



THE GUARDS SUCCUMB TO BLACKOUT'S WHIRLWIND ATTACK... THEN THE NEWLY FREED PEOPLE GATHER AROUND HIM!

BLESS YOU SIR! NO TIME FOR THAT! WHERE DO THEY STORE THE COMPLETED TANKS?

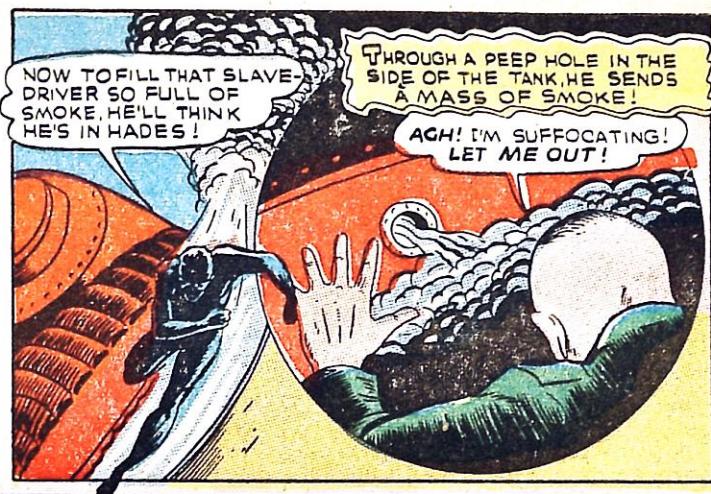
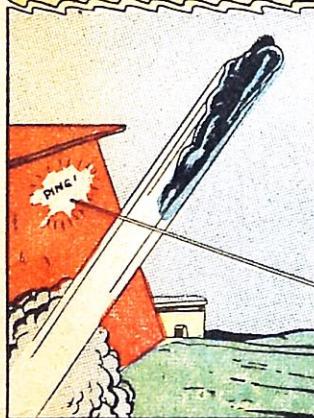


SUDDENLY... THE GARAGE DOORS OPEN AND A TANK DARTS FORWARD... ITS GUNS BELCHING DEATH!

HIMMEL TAKE DEATH, AS THE PRICE FOR YOUR FOOLISH FREEDOM!



**BLACKOUT CATAPULTS
OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE...**



**THAT'S BETTER! THIS
GUY MUST BE THE
DEVIL HIMSELF!**



**BEFORE HIMMEL CAN MAKE A BREAK,
BLACKOUT SLAMS INTO HIM....**



**...AND TOSSES HIM TO
THE MEN AND WOMEN!**



SO
HIMMEL
IS GIVEN
A BEATING
BY THE
FRENZIED
GROUP AS
ONLY A
CROWD
DRIVEN
MAD BY
PENT-UP
HATRED
CAN
GIVE!

**MAKE US
MARCH ALL
DAY, WILL
YOU?**

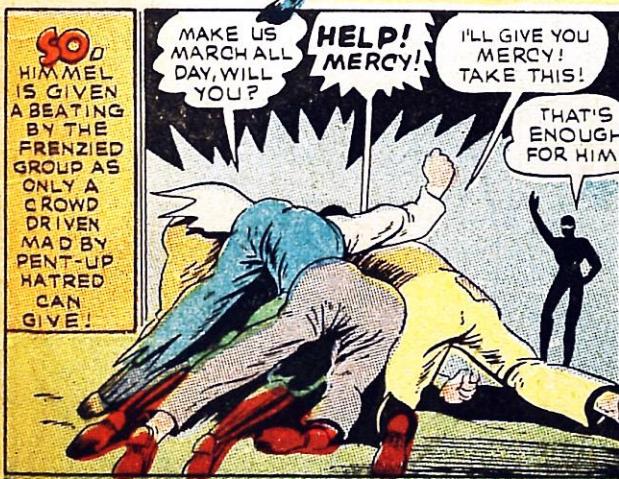
**HELP!
MERCY!**

**I'LL GIVE YOU
MERCY!
TAKE THIS!**

**THAT'S
ENOUGH
FOR HIM!**

**ALL MEN ABLE TO DRIVE, TAKE OVER
THE TANKS...PILE IN AS MANY
PEOPLE AS THEY
WILL HOLD!**

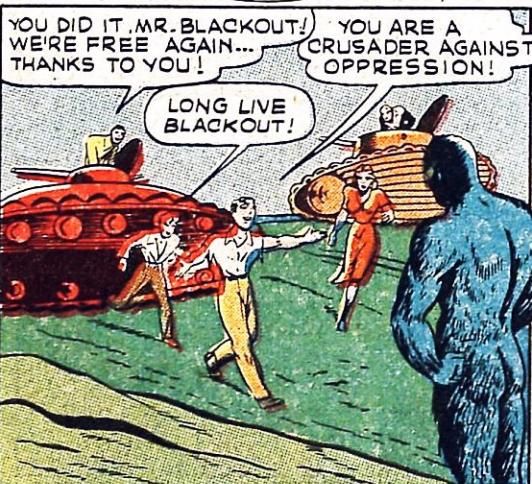
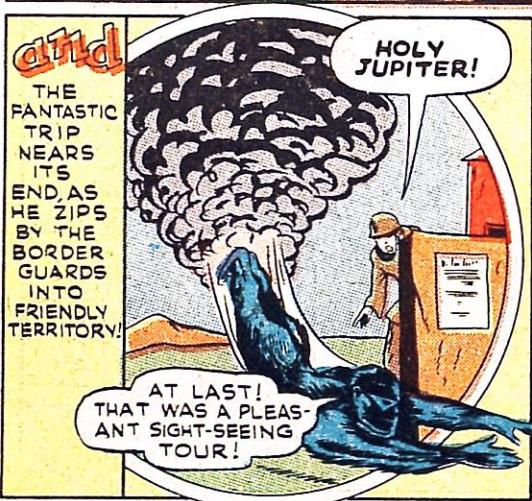
**SURE!
HE'LL
GIVE US
LIBERTY!**



INSTRUCTING THE PEOPLE CAREFULLY...
BLACKOUT THEN ISSUES AN EBONY SMOKE,
WHICH FORMS A SCREENING TUNNEL... THE
TANKS, LADEN WITH PEOPLE, SPEED INTO IT!



THROUGH MOUNTAIN BY-PASSES AND CROWDED CITY STREETS, FLASHES BLACKOUT AND TANKS, HIDDEN IN THE DENSE SMOKE SCREEN!



DON RICO
ARTIST



BEST of them **ALL!**

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CITY YOUNSTER
TURNED
STREAK!



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